A VOYAGE ON THE SEALER EMELINE

AND

THE JOURNAL

FROM WASHINGTON FOSDICK'S MANUSCRIPT PRESERVED IN THE MUSEUM OF THE OLD DARTMOUTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY AT NEW BEDFORD

Edited by

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OUTLINE

(Figs. 369-382 incl.)

INTRODUCTION

A century ago, when the New England mariners lorded-it over the oceans, the seal rookeries of the high southern latitudes had become the particular province of the Connecticut and Long Island ports. "O, they are under-water fellows!" was said of crews from New London, Stonington, Mystic and Sag Harbor. Adventurers were never lacking to tempt the bleak Antarctic wastes, and neither were men of means to place their stakes on the dangerous enterprise. Among the vessels which took part in

this movement was the small sealing schooner *Emeline,* belonging to the fleet of Charles Mallory of Mystic.

The *Emeline's* 1843-44 voyage, under Capt. William Eldridge, embraces two high-rank adventures: the first, which was performed as scheduled, in the sea elephant hunt at the Crozettes; the second, which came unexpectedly, in the guano boom on the southwestern coast of Africa. Situations arose which drew out the pluck, the doggedness, and the impertinence in the Yankee character. Thousands of voyages like the *Emeline's,* taken as a composite picture, show a true splendor in the age.

The journal herein appearing was written by the steward of the *Emeline,* Washington Fosdick, a man with an education far superior to that of the average sealman or whaleman. What Fosdick's earlier life was like and why he chose the sea as a refuge are mysteries; for nearly thirty years he roamed the oceans in Connecticut sealers and New Bedford whalers, always in a steward's berth. His captains trusted him with important duties; he was relied upon as an expert navigator and he was always respected as an amateur physician.

The Antarctic Fisheries

The Antarctic seal fishery has always been considered a subsidiary of whaling. The two fisheries were closely allied in customs and traditions, and vessels sailing to the Far South often made what were called "mixed voyages." Moreover, it was due to the explorations of the pre-Revolutionary whalemen that the seal rookeries were discovered and that the oil and skins obtained from the amphibious mammals were brought to the attention of the New England and New York merchants. Under the general name of sealing, it is customary to include the hunt for the sea elephant as well as the fur-seal and hair-seal operations.

Sealing did not begin in earnest until after the close of the Revolutionary War, when a large number of vessels were fitted out to secure cargoes of fur-seal skins to carry to the Canton market. A period of indiscriminate slaughter began, due to the rapacity and jealousy of rival sealers. Even breeding females

and young cubs were killed without thought of the preservation of the species. The animals were slain by the millions on the Falklands, at South Georgia, off the southwestern coast of Africa, at Terra del Fuego, at Masafuera and Juan Fernandez, and at other minor places. Extermination came quickly in some spots, resulting in a zealous search for new rookeries. Certain sealing masters, more ambitious and more daring than their fellows, became explorers in the finest sense of the title.

In 1819 the apparently inexhaustible rookeries of the South Shetlands were opened, and the sealmen rejoiced over the prospect offered. Yet during the next two years the herds diminished with alarming rapidity. In an effort to find new grounds, Captain Nathaniel B. Palmer of Stonington left a fleet of thirty vessels at the South Shetlands and in his sloop *Hero* of only forty tons pushed further South. One day, when the fog lifted, he found himself in the company of two Russian warships on a discovery expedition. The Russians believed they had discovered new land, and the presence of the little Connecticut craft dismayed them. Out of respect for the Yankee, however, they offered to name the land for him, and a bleak spot in the Antarctic region still bears the name of Palmer's Land.

This episode indicates the bold but unassuming spirit characteristic of the fishery. The scenes of the principal sealing activities were on inhospitable coasts where the elements combined in hostility and practically defied the approach of mankind. Though the sealing season fell in the southern summer, yet the snowstorms continued, and gales blew with terrific force and treachery. Safe harbors were almost unknown; the black, rocky coasts, the strange currents, and the hidden reefs were constant perils. There were no charts, of course, in the early days of sealing, and, as the vessels were fitted out at a minimum expense, the nautical instruments were apt to be faulty.

When the fishery crystallized, the sealing masters ceased carrying their skins to China, but instead made voyages of a more regular character back and forth between their home ports and the South. Connecticut towns such as New London, Stonington and Mystic soon had almost exclusive control of the fur-seal fishery and continued to draw wealth from it until the late

1830's, when the increasing scarcity of the animals, accompanied by a falling-off in market prices, led the ship-owners to seek a variation in their enterprise.

This variation was a simple matter; it consisted in changing the cargoes from fur-seal skins to sea elephant oil. The Antarctic scene remained practically the same. There had been more or less demand for elephant oil during the fur-seal popularity, but the market did not encourage any concentration on elephant until nearly 1840—at exactly the most propitious time for the Connecticut ports.

Numbers of sea elephant were found in most of the places where the fur-seal resorted, but the more important elephant rookeries visited during the first years of the boom were at the Prince Edward group and the Crozettes. Later, these islands were virtually abandoned for the more abundant rookeries on Kerguelen Land (sometimes called Desolation Island) and Heard's Island. The sea elephant voyages brought excellent returns until the early 1870's. Before the decline definitely established itself, there was the same shortage of sea elephant as there had been, some forty years earlier, of fur-seals.

Time replenished the rookeries to some extent. In the 1870's New London experienced a renewed interest in fur-seal skins, and several vessels made satisfactory voyages in that fishery. Also, the Antarctic sea elephant fishery had a slight revival in New Bedford within the present century. Captain Benjamin D. Cleveland of that Massachusetts port made several voyages to the southern islands, principally to Kerguelen Land and South Georgia, between the years 1901 and 1917. His last voyage, made in the bark *Charles W. Morgan,* brought home a cargo worth $30,000. That was the end of Yankee sealing. Captain Cleveland considered himself too old for another season in the Antarctic, and the entire whaling industry had by that time all but completely vanished.[1]

[1]The most complete survey of the Antarctic seal fisheries is that prepared by A. Howard Clark for the *Report of the U. S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries,* Government Printing Office, 1887.

The Crozettes

The first sealing operations at the Crozettes were in 1805 when Captain Henry Fanning visited the group in the ship *Catherine* of New York. The islands had been originally discovered by the navigator (the name was Crozet) whose name they bear, but, as he had merely observed the islands, without going ashore, the crew of the *Catherine* were presumably the first human beings ever to land.

The "re-discovery" of the Crozettes—for that was what Captain Fanning's visit really amounted to—was attended with much secrecy. The voyage was inspired by the little known records of Captain Crozet; his sailing directions, meager as they were, enabled the *Catherine* to find the islands. The abundance of fur-seals in the untouched rookeries gave promise of many rich voyages in the future, and Captain Fanning expected to preserve his discovery, at least for a season or two, from the general knowledge of the sealing fleet.

In accordance with instructions received before sailing from New York, Captain Fanning returned from the Crozettes to Prince Edward Island, at that time one of the important rendezvous of the sealers. Here he buried in a spot that had been previously designated the records necessary for sailing to the Crozettes, so that another vessel under the same ownership, due to arrive in the Antarctic the following season, would be able to profit by the discovery.

Captain Fanning then went back to the Crozettes, obtained a cargo of skins, and sailed with them for China. He experienced only one hitch in his plans and expectations, and that was the arrival of two other sealing vessels at the Crozettes, one from Boston and one from Hudson. But, as the masters of these vessels, too, were interested in keeping silent about the new rookeries, and as they were also headed for China, Captain Fanning's hopes for a continuation of the secret were not absolutely thwarted.

Rival sealing masters at Prince Edward Island, suspecting that Captain Fanning had discovered a new sealing ground, made every effort to ferret out the truth. They removed the

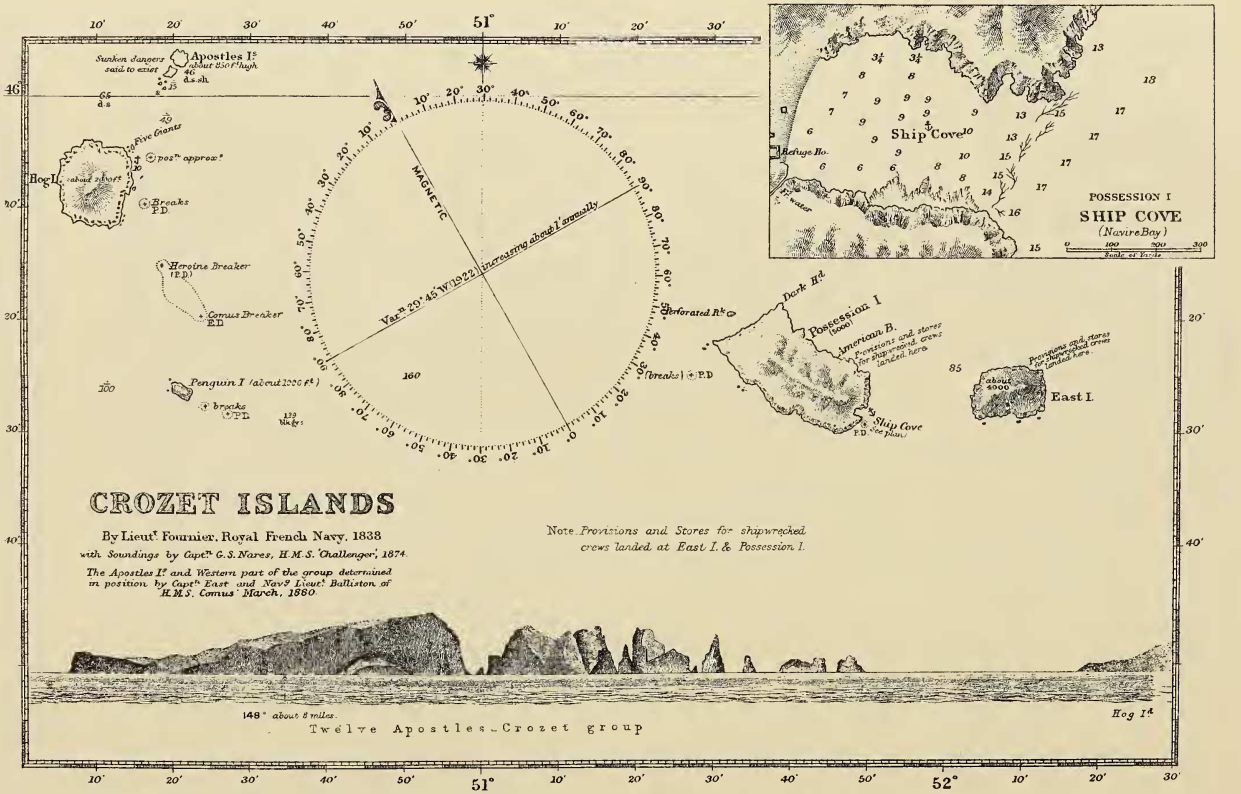

Fig. 369. The Crozet Islands 1400 miles south of Madagascar, Lat. S. 46 to 47, and the Twelve Apostles lying west of the Crozettes, by Lieutenant Fournier, Royal French Navy, 1838, with soundings by Cap't G. S. Nares, H. M. S. *Challenger*

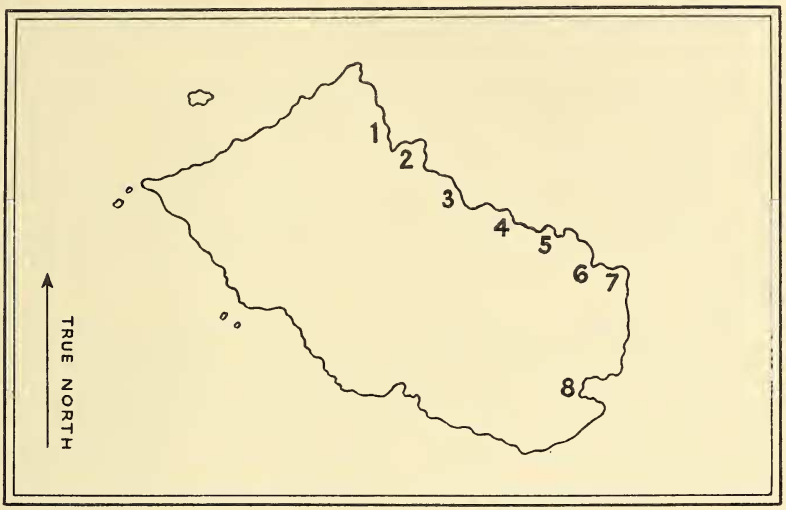

Fig. 370. Sketch map of Possession Island (Crozettes) showing the bays on the lee side. 1. Northwest Bay. 2. Hebe Bay. 3. Windy Bay. 4. American Bay. 5. Little American Bay. 6. Shallop Bay. 7. Boat Bay (?) 8. Ship Bay. Based on the account in Washington Fosdick's journal.*

cairn which Captain Fanning had erected near his buried papers, and they dug in various places. However, they were unsuccessful, and the records remained safely hidden until the vessel for which they were intended arrived according to schedule. When this vessel reached the Crozettes, a cargo of seal-skins was already waiting, for Captain Fanning, in following his instructions, had left a part of his crew to prepare this sort of welcome.

Of course the secret could not be kept very long, and soon the Crozettes became one of the more important centers of the fur-seal fishery and later of the sea elephant fishery. When the *Emeline* arrived there for the season of 1843-1844, the islands had long been worked as the common property of the sealmen.

*The best bay . . . . . is called Ship Bay, being the most southerly bay on the lee side . . . . The next bay to the northward is a small bay called Boat Bay, and a short distance from it another called Shallop Bay. The next bay is called Little American Bay; the next bay is called Little American Bay; the next American Bay, ... The next, Windy Bay, a very large bay. Beyond this, and around a very high bluff, is another bay called Hebe Bay, which is the most northerly bay worked, although there is another about a mile beyond called Northwest Bay, usually filled with elephants, which might be worked in westerly weather, but it is an ugly-looking hole.

"This group of islands so called," writes Washington Fosdick of the Crozettes,[2] "are five in number and are: Pig Island, Lat. 46. 15 S. and 50.00 E.; the Seven Apostles, Lat. 46.09 S. and Long. 49. 59 E.; Penguin Island, Lat. 46.30 S. and Long. 50. 14 E.; Possession Island, Lat. 46. 28 S. and Long. 51. 46 E.; and East Island, Lat. 46. 28 S. and Long. 52.00 E. (southwest point). There is also another laid down on some charts as Seal Island. No such island exists and is mistaken for the largest one of the Apostles.

"These islands are nothing but a pile of barren, dreary and desolate rocks where vegetation ceases—the haunt only of the wild sea-fowl and the resort of the harmless, careless, stupid sea elephant, in pursuit of which they are annually visited by several vessels from the United States. In all the bays which line these islands the elephant are found in great numbers from October to February, and from 2000 to 2500 barrels of oil have been taken by one vessel in one season. There is, however, a vast difference in the islands as to the number of elephants hauling upon the beaches, the facility with which they can be worked, and the safety to a vessel in mooring.

"All these islands have been worked at various times by a party of Englishmen from the Cape of Good Hope under the orders of an individual from that place, who has amassed a large fortune. In most of the bays, try-pots are found as well as works, and in some instances all the necessary apparatus for trying-out, together with huts for the use of those who should visit the bays for the purpose of elephanting—thus affording facilities for trying-out on shore or rafting off your oil to your ship, or trying-out on board, or in both places, as circumstances might warrant.

"Pig Island is the most noted of these islands, and an abundance of elephant are annually found here. The anchorage is an open roadstead, there being no good bay on this island to anchor in. There is also a very rapid current setting to the eastward, which makes the beaches on this island more difficult to work

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[2]This general description of the Crozettes is taken from material written down by Fosdick on some extra leaves of his journal and also from an article written by him for the New Bedford *Mercury*.

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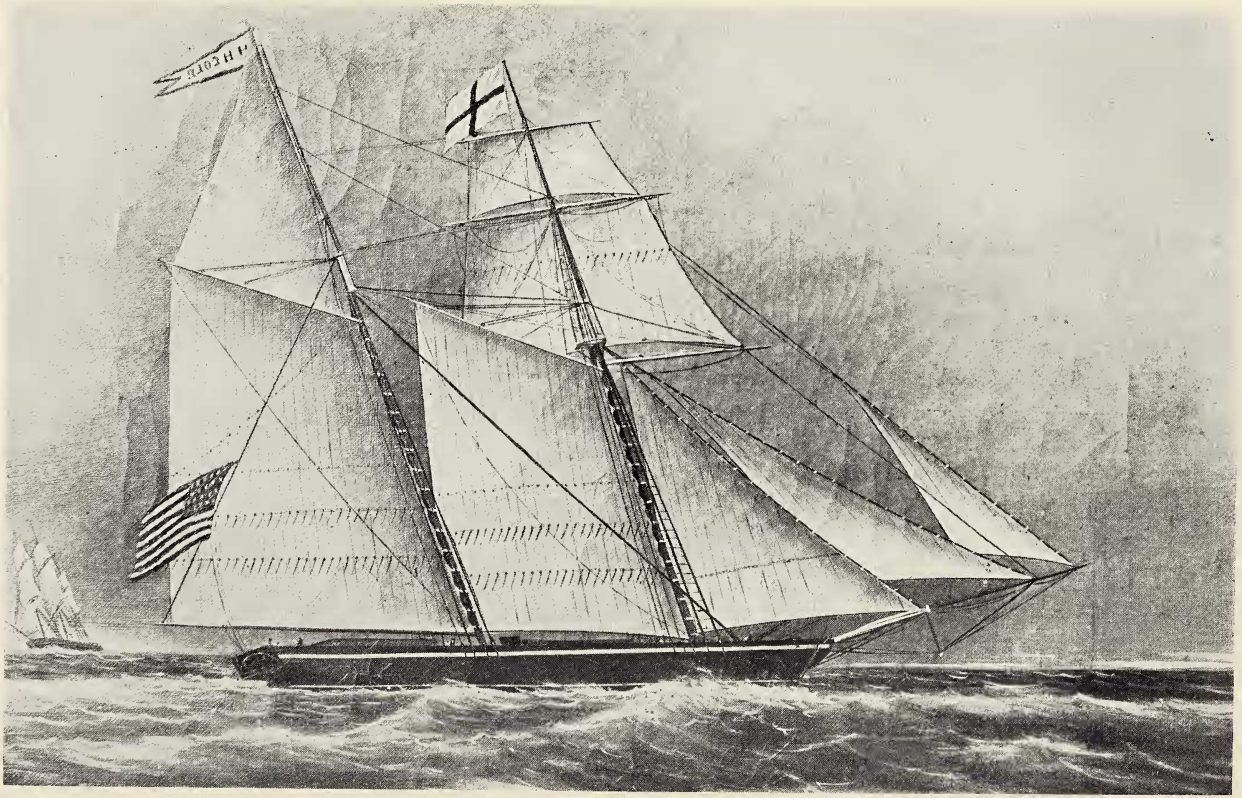

Fig. 371. Foretopsail Schooner *H. H. Cole* of the period of the *Emeline*. From a painting by Clement Drew, by courtesy of Lawrence W. Jenkins of the Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass.

than on those islands more to the eastward, and there is always a much heavier surf. Independent of the vessels going there, there is also a shore party of forty Englishmen from the Cape now residing there.[3] The consequence is that the elephant, having been disturbed so much on this island, have been abandoning the island for the last two or three years and hauling on the islands more to leeward, where the anchorage is safer and the bays more easily worked. Possession and East Islands, therefore, have been improving for the last few years in a ten-fold ratio.

"In proof of this the writer need only add that he has been on two voyages to Possession in pursuit of elephant. On the first voyage, all the bays were worked on the lee side except Northwest and Southwest, which latter may be called on the weather side, and nearly all of the elephant killed that we could find, but few escaping, even to pups. The next year we visited the same island again and found that those very bays were alive with elephant, more than five times the number than was there the voyage before. There is, therefore, no question but that these elephant came from Pig Island, and although this island (Possession) was supposed to have been worked out, it is evidently growing better and will continue to annually improve as long as Pig Island is worked in the manner it is, even if it (Possession) should be worked every season by one or more vessels.

"There are also good whaling grounds in the vicinity of the islands. We passed through shoals of right whales in the same latitude and longitude two summers (southern latitude) in succession, when bound to the Crozettes elephanting, and in neither instance did we fall in with a whaling ship. Prince Edward and Marion Islands also abound with elephants, on both of which are huts and try-works, and also a rookery for the fur-seals."

Fosdick's two sea elephant voyages were both on the *Emeline*. In the season of 1842-1843, he visited both the Prince Edward group (which includes Marion Island) and the Crozettes; in the following season, when he wrote the journal that

[3]The schooner *Franklin* of New London, which left the Crozettes Jan. 1, 1844, later "gave a favorable report of Mr. Jearey's fisheries (English) at the Crozettes and stated that a full cargo of oil was waiting the arrival of the *Ghiha*."

appears in this volume, he visited the Crozettes only. That he was unmindful of the great elephant rookeries existing on Kerguelen Land and Heard's Island, which were destined to be the most renowned in the fishery, is understandable. The rush of the sealers to Kerguelen Land did not begin in earnest till the season of 1844-1845, and Heard's Island was not discovered till 1853.

The slaughter of the sea elephant at the Crozettes was no less indiscriminate than at other islands, and not many years after the *Emeline's* visits the sealers practically abandoned the group. About the close of the year 1864, Washington Fosdick had an opportunity to observe the change that twenty years had made in the rookeries. He was then on the whaler *Java,* bound to the North Pacific, but, as the vessel was passing fairly close to the Crozettes on her passage, Fosdick prevailed upon his captain to pay a visit to the sea elephant. The *Java* anchored in Ship Bay, where the *Emeline* spent the season of 1843-1844.

"Near the beach," writes one of Fosdick's ship-mates, "we found the ruins of an old shanty that had some time sheltered the elephant hunters of years before. A rusty, broken try-pot was half buried in the sand, scraps of hoop iron, pieces of rotting oak staves, weather-beaten clubs that had once been used in the slaughter of the innocents, and an iron blubber fork were among the evidence of a former occupancy of the island.

"Ruins of an old stone try-works were still in existence, and could have been easily repaired, the original structure having been most substantially built.

"On a narrow beach, beyond a projecting point of ledge, we came upon seven elephants, that seemed as much surprised as we. One old fellow, a veteran, judging by the grayness around his jowls, uttered a snort as we came in sight and drawing himself clumsily over the rough shingle, closely followed by his family, tumbled into the sea, where they remained, swimming about in the surf, apparently little alarmed at the strange beings who were paying them a visit. As each animal would furnish no more than a barrel of oil, the few we saw were not worth capture could we have accomplished it.

"A beautiful spring of crystal water, pure and cold, welled

from the ground in bubbling freshness just beyond the old shanty, from which we filled our kegs, then we bade adieu to nothing and went on board."[4]

Left undisturbed for a period of years, the rookeries generally replenished themselves. Thus in December, 1874, at the time when the sea elephant fishery was taking its last gasp, the *Monongahela* paid a brief visit to the Crozettes and found the elephant "very numerous."

Among the Sea Elephants

The sea elephant or elephant seal is the largest of the marine mammals that periodically resort to land. Its most striking feature is a proboscis (present only in the male, however), a characteristic which serves to distinguish the sea elephant from other varieties of seal and which is responsible for the name given to the animal. The males are much larger than the females and average about fourteen to sixteen feet in length. Charles M. Scammon in his *Marine Mammals* speaks of seeing a sea elephant twenty-two feet long.

A sea elephant on land is among the most sluggish and defenceless of creatures, and, in spite of its huge size, yields easily to human attack. The Yankee sealmen found little difficulty in the hunt, if the slaughter which took place deserves to be called a hunt. A group of men, armed with clubs and lances, and planning their onset so that the elephant could not escape to the water, would advance slowly against a herd. The shouts of the men would throw the elephant into a panic, and once the herd was broken up it was a simple matter to dispatch the individuals. Occasionally a bull elephant would stand his ground and attempt to bite his attacker, but such a gesture would never be dangerous to any one with an ordinary amount of agility.

The real labors began with stripping the blubber from the dead elephant. When removed, the blubber was cut up into "horse-pieces" about a foot and a half square, and handling these pieces sorely taxed the strength of the sealmen, especially if the elephant carcasses were at a considerable distance from the

[4] *From Forecastle to Cabin*, by J. F. Beane; New York, 1905.

beach. Generally eight or ten "horse-pieces" were strung along a pole to be carried on the shoulders of two men. This method of transportation was called "backing"; as might well be supposed, it was heartily despised by the men. Even without the discomforts of a load, walking was no easy matter across the rocks and the tussock bogs. Whenever possible, the blubber was floated down a brook to the beach.

Trying-out the blubber, in the case of the *Emeline,* was done entirely at the try-works on shore; on other voyages, at least some of the blubber was carried on shipboard for boiling. A shore try-works was in the center of an elaborate out-door factory. Large pits were at hand for washing the blubber as it arrived covered with blood and sand; platforms provided places where the blubber could be "minced" or sliced for the boiling operation; and cooling vats and empty casks were near to receive the oil.

When a sufficient number of casks were filled with oil and coopered, they were towed out to the vessel for stowing down. Technically this towing operation was called "rafting", and occasionally as many as twenty casks were bent to the same towline. The word "rafting" was also applied to the transportation of blubber from the distant beaches to the try-works; in this case it was simply a matter of towing several floating bunches of "horse-pieces" attached at intervals to a line.

The oil yield of the sea elephant varied considerably, owing to the fact that the animals were killed irrespective of age or physical condition. A small elephant might yield less than half a barrel of oil; larger ones would give perhaps six or seven barrels. According to one ship-master, elephants have been killed giving as much as ten barrels, but such must have been extremely rare. Hundreds of the animals had to be killed for even a moderately sized cargo, and in the flourishing days of the fishery, when the rookeries were abundantly crowded, there was a great waste of blubber and consequently a great waste of animal life.

The sea elephant season, the period when the herds resorted in their biggest numbers to the land, was from December through February, and the vessels engaged in the fishery gen-

erally limited their visits to those months. Occasionally a shore party remained at an island during the long period between seasons in order to secure the straggling elephant that might come ashore and to prepare a cargo for the next visit of their vessel. In spite of the discomforts of an Antarctic winter and in spite of the utter lonesomeness of the sea elephants' haunts, men were always found, when wanted, for such dismal work.

Living quarters on shore had practically none of the comforts which would be considered necessities today. Sometimes the huts were made of lumber carried South for the purpose, but quite as often they were mere frameworks of spars, braced against the rocks, and covered with sailcloth or elephant skins. When a vessel was staying out a season at an elephant island, most everything movable on desk, including the galley, was taken ashore for the convenience of the shore workers.

The Emeline

The square topsail schooner *Emeline* was of only ninety-two tons burthen, but she would not have been singled out as a particularly small craft from the vessels engaged in the fur-seal and sea elephant fisheries. Small schooners which could be handled easily had a decided advantage over larger vessels in "working the bays" of the treacherous Antarctic islands. In recognition of this fact, agents would frequently send out "tenders" to do the in-shore work for the more capacious ships and barks. The *Emeline,* however, made her voyages independently.

Speed and swank are generally associated with the square topsail schooner, famous for its use by the slavers and smugglers of an early date. In the first part of the nineteenth century it was developed into the Baltimore clipper, one of the raciest vessels afloat. The *Emeline,* like other schooners used in the Antarctic, had to don an extra sturdy rig to withstand the great winds of the South, and her short, stout spars were not compatible with the best traditions of the square topsail schooner. Nevertheless, she was a speedy vessel, as many passages in Fosdick's journal clearly indicate.

The square topsail schooner had two masts. The main carried a fore-and-aft mainsail and a gaff topsail; the fore, a fore-and-aft foresail with two square sails aloft (topsail and topgallantsail). But the *Emeline* carried another square sail on the foremast, bent to the fore yard as a course, and set when sailing before the wind or with a free wind. She departed from the general custom, too, in the use of a fore topgallantmast. Usually the topsail and topgallant yards of a square topsail schooner were slung from the same spar, and the addition of the topgallant mast on the *Emeline* indicates her special preparedness for the Antarctic fisheries. The *Emeline's* head sails included a jib and flying jib, together with a bonnet which could be laced to the foot of the jib in light winds.

The *Emeline,* like other sealing vessels, was equipped for whaling in case opportunity offered on her passages to and from the South. On each side hung a boat with all the necessary whaling-gear, and her try-works were in readiness for blubber. Lowering over the stern was a "gig" for light harbor use, and she also had on board a large six-oared "blubber boat" for the work at the Crozettes.

Nothing has been found of the *Emeline's* history outside of two voyages in the sea elephant fishery, the second of which provided the subject of Fosdick's journal here presented. On the earlier voyage she sailed from New London on July 27, 1842, with Silas Latham as master, and stopped first at the Prince Edward group. Here she met the schooner *Franklin* of New London[5] and together they worked the beaches under a partnership agreement. Later the two vessels went to the Crozettes to complete their cargo. On the *Emeline's* homeward passage in the late spring of 1843, she was seen at St. Helena by the ship *Delta* of Greenport and at that time hailed 450 barrels of sea elephant oil.

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[5]The schooner *Franklin* of New London, 119 tons, sailed on August 13, 1842 and did not return until April 8, 1844. Her owners were Perkins and Smith. After parting company with the *Emeline* at the Crozettes, she sailed to Rio, where her cargo of 450 barrels of elephant oil was sold. The money was invested in coffee which was sent home by freight. The *Franklin* then cruised off the coast of Africa and finally returned to the Crozettes for the 1843-1844 season. The master of the *Franklin* was Captain Gurdon L. Allyn whose memoirs are preserved in *The Old Sailor's Story,* Norwich, Conn., 1879.

The West African Guano Boom

Had the voyage of the *Emeline* been made according to schedule, she would have returned directly home with her sea elephant oil cargo from the Crozettes. But when a misadventure forced her into Cape Town, she found herself drawn into that frenzied guano boom which formed one of the wildest and most evanescent chapters in maritime history. Let us first survey the scene of the guano operations.

The early mariners of the whale and seal fisheries found the coast of southwest Africa, from Walfisch Bay to the Orange River, a dreary line of sand-hills, monotonous and without vegetation. Just one break appeared, between Spencer and Hottentot Bays, where a range of precipices rose 600 feet high. But even these were barren, and gave, they say, a stronger feeling of desolation than did the lowland sands. At various intervals along the coast were the bird islands, small masses of rock on which the excrement of birds had been piling up for centuries till it had attained remarkable heights; here, in season, came the seals, covering the rocky shores and reefs. Chief among these islands were Hollams Bird Island, just south of the Tropic; Mercury, at the entrance to Spencer Bay; Ichaboe, a little further south; then a few islets in Angra Pequena; and finally Possession, opposite Elizabeth Bay.

Very little rain was known to fall on this section of the coast. The sun shone hot out of a cloudless sky, though a thick haze was apt to cling to the horizon, preventing a distant view of the land. At night the dews were heavy and the air chilly; during the greater part of the year, the fogs came in thick and uncomfortable. The winds were treacherous; shipmasters enjoying a moderate breeze outside would suddenly find themselves in the center of a gale in-shore. The northerly winds that prevailed from May to August, though not so severe as the southerly winds of the remainder of the year, would often start the rollers sweeping along the coast and make every roadstead of doubtful security. These roadsteads were between the islands and the main; on the seaward side of the islands the surf beat wildly against the rocks and pounded into chasms with fury.

The inhospitality of this forlorn and fearsome coast was increased by the absence of fresh water; the few bands of Hottentots who came to the shore from the interior brought water with them in ostrich shells. These occasional groups of Hottentots were the only natives ever seen, for neither the islands nor the sand-hills of the mainland were inhabited. The Hottentots were a degraded, wretched people, but their nature was kind, simple and inoffensive. A New London sealing master writes of them:

"On the fifth of April (1830), natives or Hottentots came twelve days' journey from the interior to the harbor of Angra where we were, with cattle and sheep to barter for powder and ball for hunting purposes. We bought five neat cattle and two sheep, paying two junk bottles of powder each for the former and one bottle apiece for the latter.

"The whole coast of this region is a sandy desert, and the natives who wander to and along shore, coming several days' journey from the interior, are the most miserable specimens of humanity I have ever seen. They like tobacco and will barter anything they possess to procure it. They are nearly or quite naked, oil themselves from head to foot, and eat birds' eggs, offal, or anything they can procure to sustain their miserable existence.

"They offer in trade ostrich egg-shells from which they have extracted the inside through a hole in one end, and also feathers of the largest known bird; but the feathers, like themselves, are in a dirty, greasy and unpresentable condition."

The abundance of whales along the coast and the large numbers of seals that came to the islands enticed many Yankee vessels there at an early date. The whaling grounds off Guinea were opened about 1763, and thence, in the following years, the more enterprising captains worked their way southward. Alexander Starbuck says that in the year 1773 fourteen vessels were reported arriving home from the African coast. And when American whaling revived after the gloom of the Revolution, a large proportion of the vessels visited these waters, particularly from the parallel of 16 degrees South up to the Cape of Good Hope. "Woolwich" (Walfisch) Bay appears often in

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Fig. 372. Antarctic elephant seal (*Mirounga leonina*) From a photograph made in Hagenbeck's Tierpark, Stellingen, Germany. Courtesy Carl and Lorenz Hagenbeck.

the late eighteenth century records. For more than a half century after the Revolution the desolate coast of southwest Africa was yearly visited by American vessels.

Captain Gurdon L. Allyn made many sealing voyages to the coast during the 1830's and has left a record of them in his memoirs. His last sealing operations on the coast were in the schooner *Betsey* of New London in company with the brig *Tampico* of Mystic, and when these two vessels returned home after the season of 1835-1836, they found that the hitherto favorable market for seal-skins had declined and would no longer permit the sealers to make satisfactory profits. Southwestern Africa seemed destined to sink into oblivion, but the emergence of guano as a new commodity in the world markets was soon to give the coast a greater prominence than it ever enjoyed during the prosperity of the seal fishery.

The connecting link between the old and the new order has a touch of the dramatic. Captain Allyn, in command of the schooner *Franklin* of New London, was on his way to the Crozettes in the month of August, 1843; his interests were now centered on the Antarctic sea elephants. Being already in the South Atlantic and having more than enough time to reach the Crozettes before the opening of the season, he decided to pay a passing visit to the Island of Ichaboe, once the concentration-point of his African sealing operations. He might find some sea elephant in the familiar haunts.

Landing upon Ichaboe, Captain Allyn was astonished at finding "planks, wheel-barrows, pickaxes, and bags of guano, apparently left without ceremony." The sight seemed more like a hallucination than a reality. None but the sealmen had ever stepped on this island before. And, since Captain Allyn had never heard of the fertilizing qualities in guano, he couldn't understand why any one should come to this forlorn region and disturb the deep beds of bird excrement. He was not to learn the explanation of the strange sight until he revisited Ichaboe the following spring.

Guano was the first commercial fertilizer ever used in any large quantity. It is not what can be strictly called bird manure, but a new substance formed by decomposition under extremely

dry climatic conditions. Of course one great essential for the formation of a guano bed is a vast multitude of certain birds perennially nesting and raising another multitude within a comparatively small area. And, as the guano-producing birds are fish-eaters, a more basic essential is a proportionate abundance of small fish within range.

The most famous deposits of guano are off the coast of Peru on the Chinchas and Lobos Islands, to which the cold Humboldt current has brought much of the wild life of the South Temperate type which otherwise would not have been found so close to the Equator. Many birds of both the Peruvian and the West African guano islands are of southern, even Antarctic, origins.

The chief guano producing birds, according to Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy[6], are "three or more species of the single order known as the Steganopodes, the group which includes the cormorants, the pelicans, and the gannets or boobies." While penguins are generally found on guano islands, their nesting habits are such that they have a minor part in the production of guano. Both the cormorants and the gannets are extensively represented on the islands of southwest Africa; the cormorants by the duikers, and the gannets by the malagash. Most of the islands differ from one another in their bird-life, but Ichaboe is especially distinctive since the malagash are, with the exception of the jackass penguins, in exclusive control.

The nest of the malagash is simply a small shallow depression which soon develops a rim of excrement, and the entire surface of Ichaboe was found pitted with these nests, placed so closely one against the other that the whole appeared like the cross-section of a vast honeycomb. The malagash congregate for their nesting season in October and remain till April. The other important African guano-producer, the duiker, has its nesting season from December to June.

The visit of the *Emeline* to the guano islands took place in the off-season for the birds, and consequently there is no description in Fosdick's journal of the remarkable bird-life. Other mariners have left accounts, however, all in similar vein to that of Captain Gurdon L. Allyn:

[6]R. C. Murphy: *Bird Islands of Peru.*

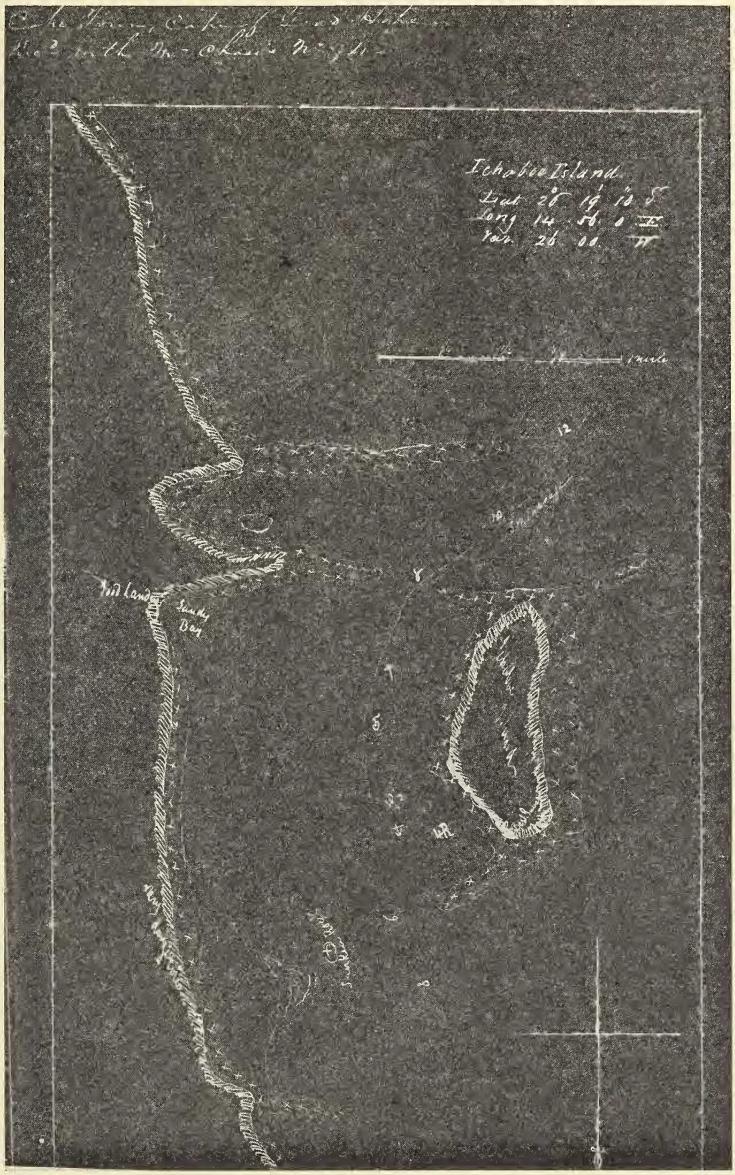

Fig. 373. Sketch chart of Ichaboe Island sent to the U. S. State Department by Isaac Chase, Consul at Cape Town, with his dispatch of July 30, 1844. It will be noted that the chart is drawn upside down. By courtesy of the State Department.

"We arrived on the barren coast of Africa, in the latitude of 26 degrees South, on January 14, 1830. At that place is a small island, a mile or more from the coast, on the inside of which is a fair anchorage. This island, called Ichaboe, is the rendezvous of millions of sea-birds, which there lay their eggs and hatch their young, and we obtained at this time and afterwards quantities of eggs, many of which are excellent for food. The birds were so thick as to prevent our travelling on shore without first beating passage-way with our seal-clubs, and yet we endeavored not to hurt them, although they regarded us as intruders, and attacked us with ferocity, scratching and biting with such effect as to draw blood through the legs of our pantaloons. We were plentifully supplied with eggs during the fifteen months we were on this coast, our men eating gulls' [gannets'] and penguins' eggs without much distinction, although the former are much superior."

The Island of Ichaboe, center of the great guano activity during the boom period of 1844, was the first island of the coast from which the substance was taken. It is situated about 1400 yards from the nearest point of the mainland and is about 600 yards long by 200 yards wide in greatest dimension. Estimates made of its height before the removal of the guano vary considerably, but it seems certain that at some points of the island the deposit was at least sixty feet deep, tapering down a little at eaeh extremity, and the whole resting on a granitic foundation about thirty feet above sea level. The guano was a solid, compact mass, rendering necessary the use of the pickaxe, and it was loosely covered over with comparatively fresh excrement and the bodies of dead birds. The first ship-master who visited Ichaboe for the specific purpose of procuring guano estimated the entire deposit to consist of between 700,000 and 800,000 tons.

The first digging at Ichaboe was done perpendicularly; that is, pickaxe crews, working from stagings, cut the deposit back evenly from top to bottom, preserving an escarpment which gradually receded from the eastern shore. Because of this method of digging, objects buried deep in the guano were uncovered at a time when their distance from the topmost layer of

the beds could be visualized. The preservative qualities of the guano amazed the diggers.

A seaman present during the height of the Ichaboe boom period told afterwards of the excitement caused by the digging-out of a coffin with a body fairly intact inside. An inscription on the lid was believed to indicate that the body was of a Dutchman who had died in 1689, possibly on a very early sealing or whaling voyage. If the interpretation was correct, the guano had risen twelve or thirteen feet in 155 years, as the body was found eighteen feet below the then existing surface. It was hoped to take the remains back to Europe, but the coffin and its contents crumbled after a brief exposure to the air.

In the *Whalemen's Shipping List,* March 18, 1845, is found the following curious item:

"A letter from Wm. Carroll, Esq., U. S. Consul at St. Helena, dated Jan. 24th, received at the office of the Whalemen's Shipping List, mentions that two dead bodies were recently found buried in the guano at Possession Island, coast of Africa, with the following inscriptions upon a board at their heads, viz:

" 'Charles Church, of the ship Atlantic of Nantucket, U. S., died Dec. 31, 1791, aged 21 years.'

" 'Daniel Smith, of Newburyport, U. S., died on board schooner Betsy, Dec. 30, 1832, aged 32 years.'

"The bodies were taken up and reburied. They were in a remarkable state of preservation, and looked as fresh as if they had not been interred more than a fortnight."

Such were the strange deposits to which the whalemen and sealmen had given only a passing attention. Yet knowledge of the fertilizing value of guano had existed in remote antiquity. The Incas of Peru, long before the Spanish conquest, had used the guano of their coastal islands to spread over the soil of the mainland plains. The name of this manure, too, comes down to us from the Peruvian aborigines.

The Spanish conquerors, if they paid any attention at all to the fertilizing activities of the Incas, saw no reason why similar methods should be tried on European soils. In fact, Europeans had never thought about scientific fertilization. The first suggestion to the Old World that soils could be enriched arti-

ficially came through the *Royal Commentaries of the Incas*, written by Garcilasso de la Vego, a man born in Peru of a Spanish father and Inca mother. The book was published in Lisbon, Portugal in 1609; it contained descriptions of various native customs and practices, and fully explained the successful use of guano.

The Inca's suggestion about manures met no response, although about two centuries later, it may have had some influence upon the German scientist Alexander von Humboldt when he was shaping the plans for his travels. Humboldt had many interests to take up his mind during his long sojourn in South America, but at Callao in 1802 he made an exhaustive study of the effects of guano. In 1804 he brought home with him the first specimens of guano ever to arrive in Europe, but no general interest was aroused.

It was not until the 1830's that Europeans began really to think about manures. Great Britain was in the van. In 1835, Messrs. Myers and Company, merchants of Liverpool, imported the first consignment of Peruvian guano to England. Practically no attention was paid to it except by a few chemists. In 1840 twenty casks of the guano were brought to England for testing purposes, and the experiments made with it on wheat and turnip crops were so enormously successful that a lively interest was at last aroused. Land-owners began to ask questions and merchants began to compute future profits. In 1841, seven vessels were employed to bring guano to England from the Chincha Islands; altogether they brought 1733 tons.

But it must not be supposed that the new substance immediately gained widespread recognition and favor. Even as late as July, 1844, the London *Times* printed a despatch from Berwick, announcing the arrival of the *Leo* with a cargo of guano from the Chincha Islands of Peru, and stating that this was "the first knowledge of these islands in England." And among those agriculturists whose attention was attracted to guano were many who were skeptical of its real merits. In observing the luxuriant crops produced by guano fertilization they feared some strong chemical effect was exhausting the soil. The complete conversion

of England to the merits of guano was more or less coincident with the West African boom.

Peruvian importations, however, increased during 1841 and 1842, but a decrease came in 1843, apparently due to the action of the Peruvian government in letting out to a single party the rights of removing guano. We find British merchants complaining bitterly of the monopoly. But the new situation encouraged the efforts of those who had already been trying to locate other sources of guano: the outcome was the "discovery" of Ichaboe.

A Britisher named Andrew L. Livingston, while reading the memoirs of the American sea captain, Benjamin Morrell, Jr., conceived the idea of exploiting Ichaboe. Morrell had visited the island in the sealing schooner *Antarctic* of New York in 1828. His description in the memoirs made only a casual mention of the thick layer of excrement—only a single sentence, in fact—but that was enough. Livingston went to John Rae, an enterprising merchant who had become interested in the commercial possibilities of guano, and immediately Rae's son organized a company which secretly sent out from Liverpool, in the fall of 1842, a fleet of at least three vessels to find Morrell's island.

One of these vessels met with a mishap and had to abandon the voyage. Another, arriving on the coast with her water supply diminished and finding no possibility of replenishment, returned without making a thorough search. Finally, the brig *Ann* was the only vessel of Rae's fleet remaining in southern parts, and even her master, Captain Parr, was ready to admit failure and sail back. He went to Cape Town to take on supplies for the homeward passage, and there, through a stroke of sheer luck, met an American whaling captain who was acquainted with Ichaboe and who was willing to provide the necessary sailing directions. Thereupon Captain Farr promptly found the island and began to load the *Ann* with guano. Before he had completed his cargo, a gale forced him to put to sea and he returned directly to England, arriving at Bristol in July, 1843. The evidence of the *Ann's* visit was what had startled Captain Allyn of the *Franklin* when he arrived at Ichaboe in August.

Captain Parr's reports about Ichaboe aroused great excitement among a select group of merchants. He was prevailed upon

to accompany a large fleet that was assembled by certain Liverpool and Glasgow firms and that sailed the following autumn. Again secrecy attended the departure, and the ships sailed under sealed orders, clearing for distant ports they were not intended to reach. The first vessel of this fleet to return was the *Levenside;* she arrived at Liverpool February 20, 1844, with 400 tons of guano. Other vessels soon followed. The great flood of African guano into Great Britain had commenced.

The secret had begun to trickle out before the return of the *Levenside,* and the first part of the year 1844 found Ichaboe a much talked-of island. The fertilizer idea was now sweeping England and Scotland, and the markets were feverishly demanding cargoes. Cape Town was in a turmoil, and British merchants there were chartering every vessel they could find for the guano traffic. Tremendous profits loomed; Ichaboe was the new El Dorado. Captain Allyn of the *Franklin,* on his return from the Crozettes in February, found eighty British vessels at the island. He stopped only long enough to get the news and then sailed immediately homeward, hoping to convince his agents in New London of the possibilities in guano.

During the early part of the boom the stage was being set for the turbulence to follow. There was no controlling power, but a system of tenure developed which the privileged parties were strong enough to maintain. The early-comers at Ichaboe staked out claims, like conquerors landing on a new continent, and against those who arrived later they jealously guarded their rights. Each claim was called a "pit," and the boundary lines were parallel, extending back from the eastern shore.

Each pit was furnished with a raft or wharf which extended far out over the rocks. Along the wharves the guano was transported in wheel-barrows or in bags carried on the back. The use of the wharves was more of a necessity than a convenience, for to load the boats close in shore would have been a hazardous or at best a very slow undertaking. The sea was never quiet along the rocks, and frequently a shore landing was a sheer impossibility.

The expense of building the stagings and wharves gave each claim-holder an excuse for monopolizing his pit. But the system

Fig. 374. Colony of Cape gannets (*Sula capensis*) on Ichaboe Island. From Reichenow, 1908. Deutsch Sudpolar, Exped. 1901-1903, Vol. IX, plate XLIX. Courtesy of Robert Cushman Murphy, American Museum of Natural History.

created opportunities for extortion. Most claims were held by merchant companies rather than by individuals, and vessels belonging to the privileged firms found pits awaiting them on their arrival. At the same time other ships would be forced to wait weeks for a chance to load and then only after accepting the price demanded by the claim-holders.

The *Emeline's* visit to Ichaboe was made in the early part of the boom. During the following summer and autumn there were frequently three hundred ships jammed at one time into the roadstead. The island was the scene of the grossest disorders, and warships were sent from Cape Town to stop the rioting. The guano diggers worked with feverish haste, and by the end of 1844 the island was cleaned to its bare rock. By the late spring of the following year the other deposits of the coast had been completely removed, and the entire region abandoned once more to the birds and the seals.

American interest in the boom had been slight. The bark *Bruce* of Fairhaven, on her return from whaling grounds in the Indian Ocean, stopped at Cape Town shortly after the *Emeline's* departure. Following Consul Chase's advice, she took on ten tons of guano at Ichaboe. She arrived home September 13, 1844, her guano being the first importation of the substance at the port of New Bedford. In July Consul Chase sent a despatch to the State Department, recommending that American vessels take part in the boom. He also sent a sketch chart of the roadstead at Ichaboe which appears as an illustration in this volume.

Meanwhile, the news which Captain Allyn of the *Franklin* had carried back to New London appealed to the business instincts of his agents, Perkins and Smith, and on September 10th he was back again at Ichaboe, this time in command of the ship *Brookline,* for the express purpose of obtaining a cargo of guano. The committee which was trying to run the affairs of Ichaboe had just issued an order that "as the island was occupied by British subjects, no foreign vessels should be allowed to load guano until all the English vessels were loaded." The order amounted to an absolute exclusion, for the guano deposits were disappearing fast. Inasmuch as the British had made no official claim to the island, the order was not legally proper, and

Captain Allyn protested to the American consul at Cape Town. In due course of time, the colonial authorities had the restriction removed, and not only the *Brookline* but six other American vessels and two French vessels were the beneficiaries of Captain Allyn's protest.

The six American vessels at Ichaboe with the *Brookline* were the ship *Shakespeare* of New York, the ship *Florida* of New Bedford, the barks *Commerce* and *Samos* of Boston, the brig *Messenger* of Duxbury and the brig *Thomas Winslow* of Westport. Toward the end of February, 1845, the ship *Gulnare* of New Bedford obtained a cargo of 400 tons of guano from one of the deposits on the coast; on her homeward passage she put into the Demarara River in distress and was thereupon condemned, though at least a part of her cargo was later freighted to Baltimore. As late as May of the same year the bark *Gentleman* of New Suffolk, returning from a sea elephant season at the Crozettes, stopped at Possession Island and took on board some "sweepings." Possibly a few other American vessels, besides those which have been mentioned, participated in the African guano boom, but it is doubtful if the records could reveal any more.[7]

With the passage of the years the guano beds were slowly rebuilt, though they never attained the great heights observed during the boom. The islands of the coast were annexed to the British crown in 1861, and today their deposits are controlled and managed by the government of the Union of South Africa. Only a limited amount is removed annually, and the "guano season" takes place between April and September when the birds are away from the islands. On some of the islands are small permanent settlements which depend upon vessels from the Cape for their water and provisions. The men of these settlements go sealing during the off-season, and when the time comes for the removal of the guano they are assisted by groups of laborers sent from Cape Town. The Union government sells the guano at advertised intervals; the demand exceeds the supply, and exportation is prohibited.

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[7]A brief article on the West African Guano Boom, written by the editor of the present volume, appeared in the *Geographical Review* for October, 1930.

The composition of African guano varies. In *Soil Fertilization,* a Cape Town publication written by Dr. I. de V. Malherbe, it is described as roughly containing "about ten per cent nitrogen, ten per cent phosphoric oxide and two per cent potash. In addition to being a nitrogenous fertilizer it therefore contains a fairly large percentage of phosphate and a little potash. For South African soils it is not a well-balanced fertilizer and it is essential always to supplement it with phosphate, usually superphosphate, and in many cases with potash, too.

"The nitrogen exists in many forms. Thus we normally find a little nitrate, a fair amount of ammonium compounds and a large amount of various organic forms of nitrogen, some relatively quick-acting, others slower-acting. The nitrogen has therefore a quick as well as a lasting effect on the crop, and this is why Government Guano is such an ideal nitrogenous fertilizer and stands in high repute with farmers. When sown with fertilizer drills, it is necessary to sift it through a one-eighth inch mesh sieve to remove the feathers, stones, etc. Otherwise it is broadcasted over the ploughed land."

About 1879 there was a flicker of American interest in the African guano islands. A group of New Bedford men, recalling the boom of 1844, asked themselves if the deposits had not been sufficiently rebuilt to warrant a commercial expedition to the coast. They sent the *Delia Chase,* a little schooner of 64 tons, to investigate. Captain Edward M. Ellis of Fairhaven, then a boy of fourteen, sailed with the party, and has the following recollections:

"We arrived at Hollams Bird Island. We found many relics of the guano parties, but it looked as though very many years had passed since the last time they had been there. We saw a large derrick for lowering the bags of guano down the cliff, and bags filled with guano were lying about, placed in tiers along the edge of the bluff. A house was on the island fitted up with living quarters and bunks. Near the house were barrels of what seemed to be seal oil and a quantity of picks and other such implements. The roof of the house was partly caved in from the weight of the guano, which in some places was a couple of feet thick. The guano was similarly built up above the sill of the house. We

drilled into the island for four or five feet and found the guano at least that thick."

But the trip of the *Delia Chase* was futile, in spite of the new supplies of guano discovered, for the British authorities, then in full control, would not give permission for the removal of any guano.

The Journal

From Washington Fosdick's manuscript, preserved in the museum of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society at New Bedford

Part I. Outward Bound

[*Abstract*]

The *Emeline* sailed from Mystic July 24, 1843. Four weeks later she raised the Azores, where nearly every whaler and sealer was accustomed to stop on the outward passage. Food supplies were cheap at these islands, and the natives, always dependable men in the fisheries, were more than willing to sail under the American flag. The *Emeline,* like many another Yankee vessel of her ilk, had sailed from home without full provisioning and without a complete crew-list, intending to remedy both deficiencies at the Azores. The Island of Flores filled her needs. A bountiful supply of potatoes, onions, pumpkins and poultry were added to the ship's stores, five young Portuguese signed the articles, and the voyage southward was begun.

The *Emeline* made a slow and sluggish passage; she seemed doomed to light breezes and to days upon days of calm. Barnacles gathered on the schooner's bottom which twice had to be cleaned off with scrub-brooms. Many an idle hour in the Equatorial region was spent fishing for albicore and tunis and darting at porpoises. "The vessel totally becalmed," writes Washington Fosdick, "with a hot sun pouring down upon her decks—almost warm enough to suffocate one. Nothing to be seen from mast head but sky and ocean. Nothing has transpired worthy of record unless it be the almost unsupportable heat." Manuel, a

Portuguese, while fishing sleepily from the flying jibboom, dropped off into the water; he was easily rescued, coming on deck thoroughly frightened, as though roused from a dream.

During these languid days the officers and men on the *Emeline* were greatly worried: they feared they would be late for the elephant season at the Crozettes—a season none too long in any event—and other crews would have the pick of the rookeries before them. Meanwhile Fosdick fussed and fumed over longitudes; the chronometer was erratic, and corrections obtained from two passing vessels did not serve to remedy matters. He failed completely to pick up the Martin Vas Rocks whence he hoped to take a new departure. He tried innumerable sets of lunars, worked laboriously over "double altitudes" and observations of Jupiter. But it was of no avail.

The *Emeline* did not reach the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope until after the middle of November. On the nineteenth of that month she ran into a gale that nearly spelled her doom. For four days it lasted; the sea piled up in every direction, "appearing as though the whole chain of the Allegany Mountains had broke loose from the continent and were taking a trip across the Atlantic." Several sails were split; a heavy sea demolished the galley. Life-lines were rigged on the quarter-deck for the safety of the watch.

But this one gale was but the prelude to the familiar perils of the Antarctic region. The *Emeline* doubled the Cape only to encounter the most severe weather in this region of icebergs, high winds and cold. On the sixth of December, a day of dense fog, the *Emeline* arrived in the vicinity of the Crozettes and Fosdick writes in his journal: "Our situation is now critical as, according to our chronometer, we are among the islands. Blowing fresh directly on a lee shore with a very heavy sea running. It becomes an object of vital importance to obtain an offing, if possible, before night sets in."

Fosdick's next entry, that of the seventh, shows clearly the great danger lying in the combination of incorrect charts, faulty navigating instruments and dense fogs: "At half past ten was astounded by the cry of 'Breakers close on board, a little on our lee beam!' There appeared to be either one or two sunken rocks

or a small reef, over which the sea was breaking. Took in mainsail and put the vessel about immediately, having had a very narrow escape, the sea running very high. We would have been on them in five minutes, had they not been fortunately discovered at the instant."

A reception of this kind was not unusual to vessels arriving at the Crozettes. The fogs encountered at those islands were particularly dreaded. On March 5, 1843, they were the cause of a collision between the ship *Stonington* of New London and the ship *Lancaster* of New Bedford. The *Stonington's* cutwater was wrenched on one side and her martingale and head rigging were carried away; the *Lancaster* stove in her rail and lost some of her fore rigging.

After a few days more of difficult navigating, the *Emeline* dropped her anchor in Ship Bay, Possession Island, her headquarters for the elephant season.

Part II. The Crozettes.

Sunday, Dec. 10th, 1843. . . . Shortly after coming to anchor, we went on shore and saw about 600 elephant, a goodly number, and in good order. Even the shanty put up on our last voyage for temporary use by the shore party was occupied by some fifteen of them, whilst seven fine portly elephant were on the front stoop, enjoying themselves with a view of the harbour, we presume.

Returned on board, had supper, and prepared for a comfortable snooze for the first time in nearly five months, without the dread or fear of being dumped out on the floor without any previous notice. The captain ordered that he should be called at 2 A. M. to warp the vessel farther in the bay if the weather would permit. It was his intention to begin forthwith and drive business for fear some other vessel might drop in and share the cream. Our prospects at present are not only cheering, but flattering far beyond our most sanguine expectations—the elephant being twice as numerous and in better order than on our last voyage, and we being alone in our glory this time. At 7 the anchor watch was set for the night. . . .

At 5 A. M. had breakfast. Strong breezes and rain squalls from N. W. Impossible to shift our anchorage at present on account of the wind. Immediately after breakfast the captain proceeded with a boat's crew and a shore party to the beach, taking a bag of bread, some pork, cooking utensils, etc. Another boat followed in the course of an hour with some more articles. . . .

At 9, from the looks of the carcasses on the beach, the ball on shore has already opened in good earnest. At 11 A. M., a boat's crew came alongside from shore, supposing that we had set a signal for them. We had hoisted up the trysail a little to dry it, and they mistook it for a signal. They were, however, in good season to attack a large plum-duff. They informed us that there were about 1000 elephant on the beach, nearly sufficient to fill the vessel, that it was the captain's intention to kill them all, that he should not quit the beach until he had done so, and that he wanted all hands on shore to help skin them. He intended to try-out on shore if we could not try out all the blubber on board. There was a try-pot on shore already set.

After dinner, the boat put off, taking both the dogs and the hog. . . .

Monday, Dec. 11th. . . . Had an early breakfast. Sent a boat on shore with the fore and topsail yards. The boat returned, bringing the captain and all the shore party except two or three who were to guard the blubber from the attacks of the stinkers, myriads of which were flying about watching an opportunity to pounce upon it. Each bird would eat five times his weight in blubber. The party had killed yesterday 200 elephant and skinned about 150 of them, not one-quarter of the number on the beach.

Everything being in readiness to start the windlass, an anchor was carried out to windward about 50 fathoms. We intended, after we hove up the large anchor, to warp the vessel. In not succeeding in that to our satisfaction, we made sail on her. At half past 10, came to anchor a quarter of a mile nearer the shore and in a much better position for rafting blubber. . . .

The shore party then proceeded to the beach. . . . The large blubber boat was hoisted out.

After dinner, commenced breaking out the hold. Sent on shore three boat-loads of barrels, breakers, shooks, heading, hoops, provisions, etc., also a raft of empty casks. At 6 P. M., when it commenced raining as hard as it could pour, we cleared up decks and secured everything on deck and in the hold in anticipation of an easterly wind. Then went below to lay back on elephant's tongue and fried fish.

Tuesday, Dec. 12th. Begins with a gale of wind from N. W. with rain, the woolies coming off from the land with the utmost fury, causing every timber to shake and quiver, and taking the water right up bodily like a dense column of spray. No communication whatever this forenoon with the shore.

About 2 P. M., the wind dies away suddenly. Manned a boat and sent it on shore to assist the party there in skinning the remainder of the 200 elephant killed the day before yesterday. The blubber was put in a large pit dug for the purpose. It is supposed to be sufficient to make 100 barrels of oil, and there are 700 or 800 live elephant now on this beach. . . . The boat returned at 7. . . .

Wednesday, Dec. 13th. . . . Had breakfast at 4, but found it impossible to get a boat on shore until the wind lulled a little. We wished to tow another raft of casks on shore before we could clear away a blubber-room. Could see the shore party busy at work on shore. At 8 it lulls a little. Watched for a favourable opportunity and sent a boat's crew on shore. . . .

At 7, the boat's crew returned, and informed us that they had killed and skinned 70 elephant today. They had also got the try-pot in readiness and another empty pot for a cooler. They had dug another large pit close to the try-works into which they had introduced water for the purpose of washing the blubber before putting it in the pots, as it is completely covered with sand. Tomorrow they intend hauling up, by means of tackles, another large pot buried in the sand, and using it for a mincing-tub. They will also take on shore a spare set of try-works gear

Fig. 375. Illustrations from the margins of the *Emeline* journal. Courtesy, New Bedford Whaling Museum.

and commence trying-out the day after, if the wind does not blow too hard. We will also be ready to receive blubber on board and start our works as soon as they do theirs. From present appearances there is a good prospect of our filling up in this bay alone, without working any of the six bays to the northward of us, all of which are easily worked and no doubt filled with elephant. . . .

Thursday, Dec. 14th. . . . Got out a bag of bread, a couple of double blocks, a tub of line, try-works gear, etc. At 7 o'clock the boat started, it being as moderate then as it was likely to be during the forenoon, and succeeded in reaching the shore.

We have already three invalids on the sick list—the mate with a very painful finger, having every appearance of a bone felon, Frank, a Portuguese, with one of his fingers nearly cut off with a skinning-knife, and Fayal, another Portuguese, laid up with swollen feet. One man named James has just got off the sick list and returned to duty. So our troubles are already commencing. Add to which the windy state of the weather, completely preventing us from doing anything on board. However, we have hopes, relying on the shore party, and we cast many an anxious glance toward the shore where the try-pot is located, in the fond hope of seeing the smoke curling up from it gracefully toward the heavens—in other words, of seeing them torch up and knowing that the pure white oil is beginning to flow. . . .

At 1 P. M., we noticed a smoke at the try-works. Presume they were burning the pot out. . . . At 5, the boat came alongside and the crew, having taken supper, returned again, taking with them a cask of heading, their works on shore being all complete and ready for trying-out. They had already tried-out a couple of barrels of oil to start with in the morning. A large pit full of blubber is at a short distance from the works, and there is another close by it. The men have cut another channel for a brook and directed it into this pit. Close to it is a large wooden platform to receive the blubber after it is washed and leaned, previous to mincing. The whole is the result of a great deal of labour, and is all in complete order. Ere tomorrow's sun

sets, if the weather be anything like passable, they expect to try out at least 40 barrels.

The boat returned again at 8 P. M. and brought another addition to the sick list in the shape of Joe from St. Helena, complaining of severe pains in his loins.

Friday, Dec. 15th. Begins with moderate breezes. Took breakfast at half past three and proceeded on shore with a raft of casks, the sick all being able to go with us excepting the mate, whose finger was worse, constantly suffering the most excruciating pain. At an early hour the works on shore were started and a party went up among the elephant and killed 20, sufficient to make 20 barrels of oil, and backed the blubber down near the works, a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile. The remainder of the day, employed in backing the blubber from the pit to the works and in trying-out. At 6, returned on board, having tried out 30 barrels. . . .

Saturday, Dec. 16th. . . . Took an early start for shore, and, having hauled up the boat, proceeded to kill some stinkers to obtain their skins to wipe hands, casks, the handles of the tools, etc., hundreds of the birds being around the carcasses of the elephants. Having called the dogs to our aid and arming ourselves with clubs, we marched upon the birds in solid column of attack. The stinkers, aware of our approach, endeavoured to seek safety in flight, but they were so completely gorged they were unable to fly. They then commenced vomiting up the contents of their stomachs in order to lighten themselves, but it was all in vain. We rushed upon them in double-quick time and, having dispatched some twenty or thirty of them, backed our loads and returned to camp.

During the remainder of the day, busily employed in backing blubber from the different heaps to the brook, there washing it and rafting it, then towing it to the vicinity of the works, a distance of a quarter of a mile, and then backing it to the pond alongside of the works. The pot seething and teeming with oil, the arches belching forth dense columns of smoke, and the party

at work there covered with dirt, oil and smoke, their cheerful countenances exhibiting a lustre which would put to blush Day and Martin's celebrated polish. At first sight, the wondering spectator would suppose he had been touched by some magic wand and transported instantaneously into the bowels of Africa, were it not for the snow-capped mountains which tower loftily above him, high in the heavens.

Would that the owners could now see the condition and appearance of the group now on this island! Little do they know of the excessive toil, trouble and fatigue, and the privations undergone in obtaining elephant oil; and, I suppose, as little do they care, so long as the vessel returns in safety well-laden.

Throughout the day, a continual succession of severe snow squalls. Some idea of the force of the squalls can be gathered from the fact that one of them blowed the boat over bottom-up with all her oars in, with as much ease as though she had been made of paper. At 8 P. M., returned on board to supper, nearly exhausted with a hard day's work. Tried out today 42 barrels.

The barometer now is totally useless, the mercury remaining stationary, too low to mention, almost entirely out of sight. We have seized her up for neglect of duty, lashing her fast to the standard.

Sunday, Dec. 17*th.* Begins with very strong woolies from W. N. W. At 5 A. M., having a lull, the boat proceeded on shore. The party then proceeded to kill elephant, dispatching a sufficient number of them to make about 70 barrels of oil. A visit was made yesterday to two small bays close by—Boat and Shallop Bays—and 300 elephant were found there. . . .

Monday, Dec. 18*th.* . . . At an early hour, the boat proceeded on shore with a raft of casks and returned again to assist in heaving up some of the chain, a northeaster coming on. We entertained strong fears of the vessel's swinging on the rocks. The boat then returned on shore, towing some spars and carrying a load of provisions. The party on shore, having commenced trying-out, were compelled to cool down, the rain coming

down in torrents. At half past 9 A. M., the boat returned and all further work was suspended until better weather.

At 12, took both boats in on deck, the gale increasing and the sea beginning to roll in very heavily, the vessel tailing-in within 50 yards of the rocks, where the sea was breaking half mast-head high. Riding out a gale of a wind at a single anchor was anything but pleasant. At 1 P. M., hauls to W. and blew a most furious hurricane, far exceeding anything we had ever witnessed about these islands, either last voyage or this. The water was taken up bodily like an immense snow-drift. The direction of the wind was, however, of great relief to us, tailing us directly out to sea and removing our anxiety about our near neighbours, the rocks. We therefore paid out the balance of our chain and let her wallow to it.

Toward sunset, the weather moderating and the squalls growing lighter. Hove in some chain, fearful that the wind might shift during the night and tail her in upon the rocks, either on one side or the other. The captain has fully determined to shift our anchorage farther out at the first favourable opportunity, when we would ride at the full scope of the chain without fear of bringing up on either side of the bay or being compelled to watch the weather and pay out or heave in at every change of wind.

Tuesday, Dec. 19th. . . . Put the hold in readiness to receive blubber. . . . The shore party killed and skinned about 40 elephant during the day, having now a large quantity of blubber on hand. . . .

Wednesday, Dec. 20th. Begins with almost a dead calm; occasionally a few slight puffs from the N. E. Considering this a good opportunity to shift our anchorage, we manned a boat and sent it on shore to inform the captain we were in readiness to heave up. Shortly afterwards the boat belonging to the shore party put off, manned by them, bringing the captain. An anchor was then carried out ahead about 150 fathoms. The large anchor was then hove up, and we commenced warping the vessel. Just at this juncture the wind unfortunately sprung

up from the westward and we were compelled to come to anchor in a position not much better, as a southwester or southeaster would now tail us in close to a point of rocks on the opposite side of the bay.

The woolies now set in from the shore with tremendous fury, preventing the return of the boat. At ½ past 10 A. M., the wind moderating a little and the weather clear, and the captain being anxious to get on shore and commence trying-out, he manned a boat with a crew of the most sturdy oarsmen in the vessel, leaving most of his shore party on board. After a severe struggle they succeeded in landing, and the smoke soon after ascending up from the arches announced to us they had started the works. . . .

Thursday, Dec. 21*st*. . . . The moon changes this day at 8.40 A.M. During the decrease of the last moon we have experienced a continual succession of the most severe westerly gales, varying from N. N. W. to W., having but one easterly wind of about 12 hours' duration since the full of the moon. Manned a boat and sent it on shore. Just as the boat arrived near the shore a most tremendous snow squall set in, the wind blowing most furiously from the westward. The boat, however, arrived in safety. . . .

In perusing a civil almanac for this year, I noticed that a total eclipse of the sun would take place this day at about 1 A. M. in the United States and, as it was to be at midnight, very little was said about it. But midnight at home being 8.20 A. M. here, we intended to watch for the eclipse and see whether it would be visible in the Southern Hemisphere. But we saw nothing of it, so we presume it was not visible south of the Equator. We were in hopes it would be visible here that we might have found the true longitude of the island and corrected our chronometer. Today we had a good meridian observation and found the exact latitude to be 46. 28 South.

At ½ past 3 P. M. the boat returned, bringing off those belonging on board and informing us that the quantity of oil now tried-out on shore exceeds one hundred barrels. . . .

Friday, Dec. 22nd. . . . At ¼ past 4, the boat started and soon arrived at the beach. . . .

The mate still continues laid up with a severe finger, which is a serious drawback to us, as had he been able to come on deck we would have had considerable oil tried out on board, independent of the oil on shore. His finger, however, is mending slowly and we are in hopes that in a week or so he will be enabled to superintend the works and drive a good stroke of business on board in the way of trying-out. . . .

At 7 o'clock P. M., the boat returned and informed us that the try-works were out of order, a portion of them having caved in the night previous.

Saturday, Dec. 23rd. . . . The boat's crew departed for the shore at an early hour, taking their dinner with them, a portion of them expecting to kill and skin throughout the day. The shore party commenced firing up very early in the morning and, the weather being so fine, we confidently look for a good day's work. . . .

At ½ past 4, the wind hauls to N. E. and a light drizzling rain begins to set in, with every appearance of another northeaster in store for us. We, however, lay in a better position for the wind in that direction than when we had the last easterly blow.

At 5, the boat came alongside and reported having killed and skinned elephant enough to make about 30 barrels of oil. They also informed us that the quantity of oil now tried-out was 20 casks, averaging about 8 barrels each. After part of the day, the wind veering from N. to E. and light, not strong enough to counteract the current running in an opposite direction, which causes the vessel to head to all points of the compass, sometimes head to the wind, sometimes tail to it.

Sunday, Dec. 24th. . . . Took an early start and sent the boat on shore with the galley. . . . At 2 P. M. saw a party come down to the hut and, not having seen any one on the beach all the morning, presume they had been skinning again. This

has been a most beautiful day for trying-out and had they been supplied with blubber at the works they might have driven a famous stroke of business. . . .

At 5 P. M., the boat came alongside, the whole party having been occupied during the day in getting blubber down to the mouth of the brook, then backing it to the pond at the works. According to their calculations, they have blubber now on hand sufficient to make 100 barrels more of oil. A lot of elephant not yet killed. Tomorrow, should the weather prove favourable, we expect to commence rafting off oil, and we have no doubt this bay will yield us over three hundred barrels of oil.

Monday, Dec. 25th. Begins with strong woolies, with hail and rain from N. W. to N. N. W. . . . At ½ past 4 P. M., the wind lulling a little, the boat put off, taking a bag of bread for the shore party, and in a few minutes arrived at the beach.

We had almost forgotten that today is Christmas Day, the season of festivity and rejoicing at home, and we can almost fancy that we can hear the halls resounding with the enlivening notes of the violin and the merry step of the fascinating dance. And then the smoking punch, and the tables groaning under the weight of poultry, pies and all the delicacies of the season, and—but stop! the bark of that infernal elephant has destroyed the illusion and recalled our wandering senses back to our anchorage in the cold, stormy, cheerless and desolate Crozettes.

But no matter. 'Tis true we cannot at present revel among the strong, exhilarating mixtures and quaff the luxurious wines of the season, being at present, all hands of us, "tee-totallers". But we can look forward to St. Helena and a full ship, and in sweet anticipation lay back on a bottle of Cunningham's Best, and that is almost as good as though we had it.

And listen to me now, ye epicures, who ransack ocean, earth and air to satisfy your pampered and vitiated appetites. We live—nay, we feast here in this remote and dismal corner of the globe on luxuries of the savoury flavour of which you can form no conception, the richest and the most delicious morsels of food that ever found their way into the human stomach, such as elephant's tongues, flippers, hearts, livers and

tripe. So we are not so bad off during the holidays but that we might be much worse.[8]

Have not seen any of the shore party today on the beach. Expect they are off killing again, as the weather has been too windy today to raft off oil. At 5 o'clock, the boat returned and informed us that a visit had been paid to American Bay where they saw at least 1000 elephants.

The albatross begin to lay, some eggs having already been collected, far exceeding in flavour hen's eggs and five times their size. Tonight for our Christmas supper, independent of all varieties of elephant, we had a sea pie made of young albatross, a delicious meal surpassing in flavour any wild fowl that can be named, as tender as can be, and larger than any goose.

The albatross raise but one young bird and that one never leaves the vicinity of the nest for the space of one year, during which period the old birds constantly feed him. At the expiration of that time the female lays again and, her attention being called to the raising of another family, the young bird, sorely pinched by hunger, spreads his ample pinions to the breeze and puts to sea to obtain his own subsistence, the albatross never touching anything on land. Some idea can be therefore formed of the superior flavour of a young albatross, just before he quits the nest. We have also fish in abundance. Whenever we wish a mess of fresh fish we have only to bait the hooks, throw the lines over the vessel's side, and then transfer the fish to the frying-pan. . . .

Tuesday, Dec. 26th. . . . Had breakfast at ½ past 3 A. M. and started for the shore. Throughout the day the weather was moderate and we intended to raft off oil. We commenced early, both boats towing, the shore party manning one of them. We succeeded in bringing off three rafts of five casks each. These were run down in the ground tier, making at least 100 barrels of oil stowed down. We also sent two rafts of empty casks on shore, and had decks all cleared up by 6 A. M. This

[8]The bark *Napoleon* of New Bedford, passing by the Crozettes on her way to the Indian Ocean in January, 1865, sent three boats ashore on the 12th. The boats' crews, according to the log-book, "caught some fish and penguins and sea fowl, killed some sea elephants and brought on some of their liver to eat."

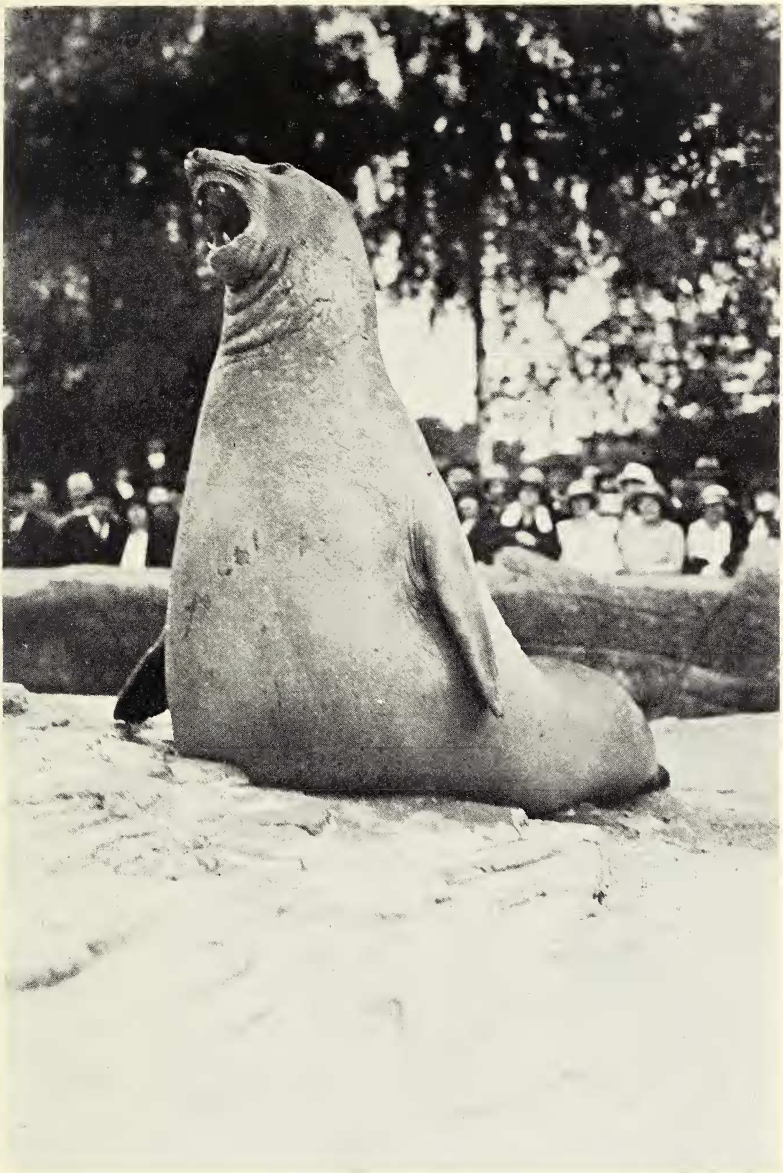

Fig. 376. Antarctic elephant seal (*Mirounga leonina*). From a photograph made in Hagenbeck's Tierpark, Stellingen, Germany. Courtesy Carl and Lorenz Hagenbeck.

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Fig. 377. Illustrations from the margins of the *Emeline* journal. Courtesy, New Bedford Whaling Museum.

is the way we keep the holidays. There are also about 35 barrels of oil in casks still on the beach, and blubber at the works to make upwards of one hundred barrels more of oil in this one bay. . . .

Wednesday, Dec. 27th. . . . At 2 A. M. observed the fire on shore at works. Expect the shore party must have started them at midnight. . . . At 4, the rain sets in with the wind out at N. E. From 4 to 10, blows pretty fresh from the N. E. All hands turned in to bottle up a little extra sleep to draw upon in better weather, as this turning out at 2 and 3 in the morning makes a long day of it, particularly in summer, as is the case now with us in this hemisphere. The sun rises at present at 4.14 A. M. and sets at 7.48. Rather an odd summer though, by the by, with snow squalls every day. . . .

Thursday, Dec. 28th. . . . Towards daybreak the woolies constantly increasing in fury. Had breakfast at 4 o'clock and watched for a favourable opportunity to start for the beach. The works in full operation on the shore. At 5, we started, and after a most severe struggle succeeded in landing.

We have missed the buoy to our anchor since yesterday noon. Suppose it must have chafed off against the rocks on the bottom or else the kelp has tailed across the line and drawn the buoy under; most probably the former, as we have had a shift of wind from N. E. to N. W. since the buoy was first missed, which would have tailed the kelp in another direction and cleared the line. Therefore we conclude the buoy has taken a trip to sea.

In an hour afterwards it began to blow harder than ever and set in to rain. At 2 o'clock P. M. the boat returned, the party on shore having cooled down on account of the rain, having now eleven casks full of oil.

At 3, light puffs of wind from S. E. At 4 P. M., the wind hauls out of the westward greatly to our satisfaction and relief, as had a southeaster come on we would have tailed in almost on the rocks. This wind blows very rarely about these islands during the summer, and we did not experience one all

last voyage whilst here. When the southeasters do come it is generally butt-end first, blowing most furiously and heaving in an awful sea. . . .

Friday, Dec. 29th. . . . At 5, sent the boat on shore with a bag of bread and some molasses, as the shore party were without either, and also with a request for the captain to bring his troops off whilst it was a calm and assist us in shifting our anchorage. It was also our intention to bend another buoy to the anchor in case the old was not under the kelp.

The captain's party may be strictly called Joe Bower's Gang, as they consist of the five Portuguese obtained at Flores, not one of whom can yet speak the English language intelligibly, a St. Helena native, and one American. These compose the captain's body-guard. With this heterogeneous party, however, the captain contrives to "push along—keep moving" and drives a considerable business in the oil line, trying-out by day or night as the weather will permit.

In about half an hour all hands came on board and we commenced preparations forthwith to moor the vessel. By ½ past 9 her moorings were all complete, having two anchors lashed together with a long scope of chain toward the beach on the starboard bow and our large anchor out on the larboard bow. The weather being so remarkably pleasant, we commenced rafting, and rafted off two rafts of five casks each, which we stowed down. . . . Caught a sting rae.

At 8 P. M., we were taken all aback by seeing a bark standing on the wind, beating up toward us. Believe her to be the *Bolton* of Stonington.[9]
We will know by tomorrow morning. Should she prove to be the *Bolton,* it will alter our plans materially. . . .

Saturday, Dec. 30th. . . . No vessel in sight this morning. Presume she is to the windward of the island, as when last seen last night she was standing to the westward. At 8, sent the boat's crew on shore and, as they all went back from the beach

[9]The bark *Bolton,* 220 tons, was a Stonington vessel under the flag of Charles P. Williams. She sailed under Captain Nash July 30, 1843, and returned May 24, 1844, with a catch of 1400 barrels of elephant oil.

out of sight from the vessel, we supposed they had started to kill the remainder of the elephant. . . .

At 2 P. M., the boat's crew returned from the shore to dinner. They informed us that when they told the captain about the bark trying to beat in last night he was taken all aback immediately. Upon recovering from his surprise, he summoned all his troop forthwith, ordering them to hold themselves ready to tramp at a minute's warning, then telling the boat's crew to kill the remainder of the elephant on that beach and carry the blubber to the try-works, and, should the weather prove favourable, to begin and work Boat and Shallop Bays, boating the blubber to the works, and, if they were not able to boat, to try out.

The shore party then shouldered their baggage and provisions and in 20 minutes' time they were on the full march for American Bay, the captain leading, spear in hand, to take possession of the beach and the 1000 elephant laying there. Ere the sun sets, he will no doubt have commenced the slaughter and thus secure the possession of the beach, thereby preventing the *Bolton* from bolting us out of a voyage, as, if that was she we saw last night, she will be in that bay tonight or tomorrow morning at furthest. There is a good house there for the accommodation of a shore party and also try-works all complete.

In the afternoon went on shore to obtain some albatross eggs. Whilst on the mountains discovered the same bark coming down between the islands. At ½ past 8, she came to anchor about two cables' length outside of us. In half an hour afterwards her captain came on board of us and she proved to be the Bark *White Oak* of New London, Captain Nory. He stated that he had left Pig Island about 10 days previous, and that Captain Barnham was there with 1300 barrels of oil. The *Bolton* was also there with 200 barrels. Capt. Allyn of the *Franklin* had left for home the day before, all full, hailing about 600 barrels. The *White Oak* had in 400 barrels. Captain Nory also stated that Captain Gibbons had left Pig Island about six weeks since for Possession to wood and water. The wreck, however, the only wood on the island, remained untouched, just as we left it last season, so that he could not have been here. Captain

Nory stated that his object in coming in was to endeavour to bargain for this vessel to take him to Desolation. About ½ past 10 P. M. he returned on board his own vessel.[10]

Sunday, Dec. 31st. . . . Had breakfast at 3 A. M. A lovely morning. Manned a boat and started to the beach after lances and clubs previous to going to Shallop Bay. The other vessel immediately lowered three boats and pulled up toward Boat Bay. This looks strongly like going after blubber, although Captain Nory said last night that he did not intend to interfere with us, but that in the morning he would take one of his boats and go up to American Bay to see our captain and obtain some information with regard to Desolation.[11] We will soon see, however, whether he has been "playing 'possum" or not.

[10]The *White Oak* of New London, 220 tons, Captain Nory, sailed July 13, 1843, and returned Feb. 17, 1845, with a catch of 1900 barrels of oil and 13,000 pounds of whalebone. Joseph Lawrence was her agent.

The *Franklin* is referred to in a footnote of the Introduction.

Captain Barnum was the master of the ship *United States* of Stonington, 244 tons. She sailed June 19, 1843, and returned May 30, 1844, with 1800 barrels elephant oil and 110 barrels sperm oil. J. F. Trumbull was her agent.

The Captain Gibbons referred to in the text is presumably Captain Gibson of the bark *Cervantes* of New London, 232 tons, which was in the Antarctic at the time. She sailed June 23, 1843 and on June 29, 1844 was lost on the coast of Australia. Benjamin Brown was her agent.

The wreck referred to is that of the ship *Atlas* of Mystic, 261 tons. She sailed on her last voyage in 1837. Her tender, the *Colossus*, was also lost at the Crozettes at the same time. The Brazilian brig *Flamineuse*, formerly the *Athenian* of New York, was lost at the Crozettes in 1841, but Fosdick does not refer to this later wreck.

[11]This reference to Desolation Island (or Kerguelen Land) indicates the dawning interest in this prolific resort of the sea elephant. Prior to this time only a few ship-captains knew about the value of its rookeries and perhaps preferred to keep their knowledge as secret as possible.

American vessels were first attracted to Desolation by the abundance of right whales in neighboring waters. There is a record of the ship *Phocion* of New Bedford and the ship *Houqua* of New Bedford anchoring in Christmas Harbor toward the close of 1836, intending to make that bay their headquarters for whaling operations; they soon left, finding the anchorage too foul. However, in the summer of 1838-1839 the ship *Arab* of Fairhaven and the ship *Elizabeth* of New York spent considerable time at the island, and not only did some successful whaling from their anchorage, but also obtained a few elephant on shore.

Probably no American vessel went to Desolation for the express purpose of securing a cargo of elephant oil prior to 1837, though English sealers visited there earlier. The ship *Columbia* of New London, during the season of 1838-1839, obtained 3700 barrels of elephant oil at Desolation, one of the largest cargoes on record. She made other voyages to Desolation, sailing with the sloop *Shaw Perkins* as tender, and in 1844, after a twenty-one months voyage, she is reported arriving at New London with the magnificent cargo of 3200 barrels of elephant oil, 1000 barrels of right whale oil and 7000 pounds of whalebone.

Today took two sets of altitudes and made the longitude 53.02 and 53.04 E. by chronometer. It was nearly 11 A. M., however, when they were taken, although the horizon was good. The chronometer therefore is going it now on the high pressure principle, being 5 m. 08 s. slow of all her corrections, according to these altitudes.

At ½ past 2 P. M., our boat hove in sight with a load of blubber and took it to the works. In half an hour the Mosquito fleet hove in sight with a raft of blubber which they carried to the *White Oak.* At 4 P. M., our boat returned bringing some wood and albatross eggs. The mate went on board the *White Oak,* and Captain Nory informed him that he had got his blubber in Windy Bay, that there was any quantity of elephant there, that he would bring his ship in and moor her, and that he would not interfere with our bays but work the bays above American Bay. He had also been to American Bay where our party are at work and stated that he had seen enough elephant there to fill us and 150 barrels to spare, so that there is every prospect of business going on harmoniously instead of a "pull-Dick, pull-Devil" system between our two rival vessels.

We have only thirteen barrels of beef and two casks of bread left besides the one opened a few days since; consequently we are short. The other vessel has an abundance of provisions but her captain is in want of two men, and is willing to let us have provisions provided we will spare him a man or two. To this our captain will not consent until we are a full ship; so that is "diamond cut diamond". We will, however, bet two to one that our old man outgenerals the other captain at last, keeping the men until we are a full ship and then getting the provisions.

January 1*st,* 1844. . . . Manned a boat and sent it to assist Captain Nory in mooring. They immediately commenced heaving up and towed the vessel a quarter of a mile inside of us, where they moored her. At 4 the boat returned and started for Shallop Bay. A boat's crew from the bark is killing elephant in this bay. At ½ past 8 our boat returned, having left a load of blubber at the works.

Tuesday, Jan. 2nd. . . . At 4 manned the boat and started to the works to try out. At 8, four men came down from American Bay after provisions; they had an order from the captain to man both boats and come up after a raft of blubber, if possible—if not, to send one boat with the provisions. They also reported having seen the three boats belonging to the other vessel in Little American Bay, killing elephant in direct violation of their own agreement.

The wind now shifted to N. E. and looked threatening. Manned the 6-oared boat and sent it with her crew and three of the shore party up to American Bay. One of the shore party, St. Helena Joe, fell overboard just as she was ready to go; consequently we kept him on board. Also sent two bags of bread, etc.

We miss our barometer now greatly in our calculations upon the weather.

We are now fearful that the prospects of our voyage are blighted by the arrival of the *White Oak* and by her interference in the bays where we have commenced killing. We will do our utmost, however, at this island, not relishing the island opposite where we will be compelled to go in the event of not filling up here. . . .

Wednesday, Jan. 3rd. . . . No signs of our boat yet this morning; we are in hopes that the Captain has detained her and has kept all hands to skin. That would be the best policy under existing circumstances—to skin away as though life depended upon it until they have about 300 barrels, then for all hands to come down and get the schooner under weigh, leaving one or two Portuguese to stand guard over the blubber until her arrival, and then to raft the blubber off, which would easily be accomplished in one day. On the schooner's return to Ship Bay, part of this blubber could be sent on shore for trying-out and the remainder tried-out on board. In this way we would save a great deal of time in the way of boating, and would be enabled to keep pace, if not obtain the whip row over the other vessel; at any rate, to use a common phrase, we must begin to work roots and logarithms.

At 9 o'clock the mate and two others, all there were in the vessel, went on shore to look to the blubber in the pits. Found that the recent rain had broken through them and let the water out. Repaired them and put things in order about the buildings and works. Then returned to the ship.

At 3 P. M. saw the captain crossing the mountain toward the beach. Lowered a boat and went after him. He reported that Captain Nory's men had killed all the elephant in Little American Bay. They had also killed fifty elephant in Shallop Bay and left them there without skinning them in order to secure them. This conduct is unmanly and outrageous. Our men, however, went up to Windy Bay and killed a large number of elephant; the boat's crew is to remain there until sufficient are skinned to fill us, which will be by the day after tomorrow. So we will be even with Capt. Nory. He eventually will be the loser, as so much going on among the elephant will drive half of them off. Had Captain Nory acted according to agreement, we would not have disturbed that bay, in which there are 1500 elephant; we would have left them all for him.

At 5 P. M., the Captain took the two men belonging to his party and went on shore to prepare for trying-out in the morning. . . .

Thursday, Jan. 4th. . . . At 8 A. M., the mate started for the beach, taking with him the only two men that were on board, leaving the schooner to take care of herself, intending to assist the captain in trying-out. During the day tried-out about 25 barrels. The other vessel's boats were bringing a large raft on board of her and then starting to Windy Bay to encamp. Think they will be somewhat surprised when they find our men, who must have skinned at least 500 elephant there. Expect them down tomorrow, as we shall have blubber enough to fill the vessel. We will then get the schooner under weigh and go up after it. This has been a lovely day, extraordinary weather for these latitudes. At 8 P. M. returned on board again.

Friday, Jan. 5th. Begins with strong breezes from W. S. W. No chance this morning of going to the shore. The shore party

have not yet commenced firing up. About ½ past 8 A. M., saw some men crossing the mountain. Knew them to be our men from American Bay. In an hour afterward the shore boat put off with the captain and ten men, and, although the wind was blowing fresh from the westward, we immediately commenced heaving up the anchor, slipping the two lashed together. In a very short time we had the anchor on the bow and made sail for American Bay. At 12 M. came to anchor there.

After dinner the captain with all his party went on shore to raft off blubber to us, the mate and three men remaining on board to receive it. During the afternoon the boat brought up two rafts, 14 fathom longer than the moral law, the first having 284 large bunches of blubber and the second, 333 bunches. Each raft will make at least 75 barrels of oil. It was 9 P. M. when we had the last of the blubber on board. Should the weather prove favourable in the morning, we will take the blubber out of Windy Bay, about 100 barrels more, and then start for Ship Bay, land our blubber and drive the works all we know. This is the way we do business these days.

Saturday, Jan. 6th. Begins with calm weather. At an early hour sent the boat on shore for the shore party which soon returned. All the party had breakfast and manned both boats to start for Windy Bay, leaving only the mate and one man on board, a Portuguese with a sore finger.

One of the boats started with a raft, leaving the other boat and the rest of the crew to raft the large raft. In about an hour we arrived at the vessel with our raft of 50 barrels and then returned to assist in towing the other. This raft was a poser, being 30 fathoms long and containing upwards of 110 barrels of oil.

This was the hardest work of the voyage. The tide turned and for half an hour we pulled and tugged without gaining one inch. We next undertook to kedge it with two shot of line. The first time we run the kedge we lost it. Rendered desperate by this mishap, we buckled to it again, pulling, tugging, sweating and swearing, which appeared materially to assist us, for the tide turned in our favour, and by 20 minutes past 12 we had the

Fig. 378. (*Upper*) Bull sea elephant and harem, South Georgia Island. Photograph by J. Innes Wilson.

Fig. 379. (*Lower*) Bull sea elephants, South Georgia Island. Photograph by Robert Cushman Murphy, American Museum of Natural History.

Fig. 380. Bull sea elephant (*Mirounga leonina*) swimming through kelp beds, Bay of Isles, South Georgia, January 1913. Photograph by Robert Cushman Murphy.

raft alongside. Without waiting for dinner, we whipped the blubber in board, completely filling the vessel.

Next we commenced heaving up and got underweigh. The wind light and baffling, which soon died away. We then lowered all three boats and towed, leaving only the captain on board. After considerable difficulty we arrived at our anchorage in Ship Bay. About 8 P. M., took supper and commenced rafting off blubber from the schooner.

Sunday, Jan. 7th. Commences with fine weather and calm. During the day took most of the blubber out of the vessel. At 7 P. M., the boat's crew went on shore to keep the works going all night, watch and watch with the shore party.

Monday, Jan. 8th. Took the remainder of the blubber on shore. The intention is to drive business now to the utmost.

At 4 P. M. a strange boat came alongside. It proved to be Captain Nash of the *Bolton,* direct from Pig Island with 400 bbls. elephant oil, who reported Captain Barnum at Pig Island with 1400. He said that the elephant were very scarce there and thought he should go to East Island. He also reported there were plenty of whales outside, and that he had chased them yesterday and today, but could not get on them, as the weather was so calm. He remained on board but a short time, as his vessel was nearly out of sight to the southward of the island.

At 7, the boat's crew came on board for supper, having tried out nine casks since last night. At ½ past 7, they went on shore again to relieve the shore party at the works and returned again at 1 A. M. to take their watch below.

Tuesday, Jan. 9th. In the afternoon took a boat-load of casks on shore. About 5 P. M. the boat's crew came off and stated that they had been backing blubber from the raft to the pit and that some of them had helped the cooper in heading over and driving the oil.

Wednesday, Jan. 10th. At 4 A. M., the boat's crew went on shore to assist in trying-out, as the works were already in full operation.

Thursday, Jan. 11th. Saw the shore party engaged in trying-out. After dinner, saw a signal from the shore. Sent a boat. She soon came off with orders for us to start immediately for American Bay. We took a bag of bread and started, a boat from the *White Oak* following. This was a severe pull, most of the way against wind and tide. We arrived there, however, in about two hours, both boats landing at the hut at the same time, each ignorant of the destination of the other.

Our object was to kill the elephant we had left some days back in the tussock about half a mile from the beach. We soon discovered that our rivals had found out the elephant and had the same object in view. We had then no alternative but to mate, which was done. We next proceeded to drag our boats high and dry on the beach and take our blankets, provisions, etc., up to the hut. We then proceeded to the elephant and killed the whole of them, about 100 in number, and commenced skinning.

Toward sunset we returned to the hut to cook supper and encamp for the night. The hut was in a wretched condition, ankle-deep in mud and filth. It was about eighteen feet square. One end of it was composed of the side of a rock; the other three sides were filled with cracks and crevices through which you could thrust a clever-sized dog. Against the rock in one corner we rigged a kind of fireplace and kindled a fire with blubber, and removed about one-quarter of the roof to make a vent-hole for the smoke.

We next overhauled our stock of provisions and found that we each had a bag of bread, but neither beef, pork nor molasses. We also had in our bag some tea and a little dry salt. The pot was filled with water and hung on an iron hoop for a trammel, extending from the rafters to the fireplace. As our stock of cooking utensils was then limited to the pot, we held a consultation of war, when it was unanimously resolved to boil some albatross eggs first in the pot, and then make tea. We also started another fire in the opposite corner of the rock, and a third in the centre of the room in an old copper which had formerly belonged to some ship's cooking-stove.

In about an hour supper was ready, and, sitting or standing around the fires as circumstances would admit, we presented a

picture which would defy the pencil of a Hogarth—our faces besmeared with oil, sand, sweat and smoke, our clothes besmeared with blood, wet and dirt, our sheaths and leaning-knives strapped around our waists. We looked for all the world like a parcel of banditti who had just saved their necks from the halter by a precipitous retreat without stopping to pick their way. However, we contrived to demolish our suppers and our next object was to stow ourselves away for the night as comfortably as we could, which, by the bye, was a pretty serious task.

In the centre of the building the captain had on a former occasion lashed two small spars horizontally about six feet from the floor and thrown loosely over them three or four boards which, by way of distinction, he had christened a chamber. Into this establishment, by dint of perseverance and some considerable exertion, three of the party succeeded in crawling—consisting of the chief mate of the *White Oak*, our second mate, and a boatsteerer belonging to our vessel—and from its rickety motion it appeared strongly inclined to deposit its load before morning.

There were eleven of us still to be disposed of, two of whom took the boat's sails and, rolling themselves up in them, bunked on the floor. On one side of the building was a platform which had been used for sleeping, about the size and shape of a tailor's shopboard. On this we others spread our blankets and laid down in the following order: one tier of three fore-and-aft, then a second tier of three athwartships, then a third tier, also of three, stowed fore-and-aft. However, we lay very comfortably until some one found it necessary to turn, when all hands were compelled to surge at once, as we were stowed so close. We took care, however, to be in readiness, and the individual who wished to turn over would call out: "All hands stand by for stays!" We were also occasionally waked in the night by a gentle tug at the corner of our blankets, occasioned by some unlucky wight who, being half-frozen, was on a foraging expedition, wanting to appropriate to his own use the blankets of the sleepers. And thus ended the first night of camp duty.

Friday, Jan. 12th. Begins with fog and rain from the Northward Turned out and made preparations for breakfast. In scouraging

around we found an old frying-pan without a handle and with a hole in the bottom. Scoured it out with a piece of blubber and fried some eggs. Also had some bread and coffee. The wind now out N. E. and raining hard. At noon clears up and wind hauls to S. W. Started out and went to skinning again. At 5 P. M. it commenced raining again. Quit work and went to camp. Had supper and turned in again.

Saturday, Jan. 13*th.* Went out and skinned the remainder of the elephant and divided the blubber equally. Then went back to camp. In about two hours Mr. Patrick came up with another boat's crew from the schooner. Both of our boats then went to Little American Bay, took the remainder of our blubber from that bay, and returned with it to the works in Ship Bay.

Sunday, Jan. 14*th.* Took breakfast at 2 A. M. and started to the northward, taking with us a bag of bread. After pulling up to Boat Bay point, we found the boat stopped suddenly in the kelp, and we could not budge her ahead one inch. Upon examination, we found that her stern was split open. Backed her out of the kelp and into Shallop Bay, where we beached her. One of the men then returned to Ship Bay, and the rest of us, shouldering our dunnage and provisions, tramped it over the mountains to American Bay where, after refreshing ourselves, we started over an infernal mountain which appeared to me to have no end. We surmounted it after a great deal of labour, and began to descend on the opposite side, our object being to find a passage by which we could gain a beach under the cliffs where we hoped to find elephant.

We succeeded in gaining the beach by means of a very steep descent, and found there 32 elephant, which we killed. We had scarcely commenced skinning before it began to rain. However, we persisted in our work rather than leave it and return again, and finished them, although it poured down in torrents. After disposing of our blubber in a place of safety, and covering it over to secure it from the birds, we commenced our return back to camp in American Bay. We rested once or twice in our ascent up that accursed mountain, now rendered slippery by the drench-

ing rain. I shall call it Mount Misery, for richly does it deserve the title. And most religiously do I believe that if a church were located there and a congregation resided at the foot of the mountain, all those who visited it for the purpose of worship would certainly merit a title in the calendar of the saints.

After gaining the top, we stopped to blow a little, and then descended into the valley to our camp, completely drenched. Fires were immediately kindled to dry our dripping garments, and active preparations set on foot to cook supper. After supper we retired to rest, with but one blanket for two of us, six of us present mustering but three blankets. "To rest," did I say? God forgive me for saying so. I should have said, "To freeze to death." And to make the matter worse, just after we had turned in, the fire caught our clothing, and bid fair to send us back over the mountains to Ship Bay naked. We saved our clothing, some of it in a woeful state, and made out to weather through the night.

Monday, Jan. 15*th.* Begins with a rain storm and heavy gusts of wind from N.E. After we had taken breakfast, and whilst we were around the fire drying ourselves, Mr. Patrick and another individual arrived, having footed it from Ship Bay. Two of our party joined them, as Mr. Patrick wished to try the beach where we left off at Windy Bay point, where a high bluff prevented our going any further to the northward. If they could find a passage down on the other side by crossing another mountain, they would no doubt find elephant. The remainder of us, four in number, backed our dunnage and footed it down to Ship Bay, a distance of five or six miles, crossing four or five lofty mountains on our route. As soon as we arrived, we took a boat and proceeded to the vessel to assist in hoisting in a small raft of oil which was then alongside.

Tuesday, Jan. 16*th.* Begins with moderate weather. At 2 A. M., went on shore and found the Captain quite unwell with a severe pain in the back, scarcely able to move. Went on board after his bedding and medicine. We then went on board with a raft of oil, five casks, which were hoisted in. The boat's crew then returned

to the works, leaving the Mate with his party to stow down. Two of the men started up to Shallop Bay, and others of us left in a boat for American Bay after our share of the blubber we had skinned in partnership with the men from the *White Oak.*

Whilst we were rafting in American Bay, Mr. Patrick and his party came down to us and reported having found a passage on the upper side of the reef and having killed 40 elephant. They put their dunnage in our boat, assisted us off with our blubber, and started down on foot. We had a most tremendous pull of it. At sunset, having come to the point in sight of the vessel, when we had wind and tide both ahead of us, we were compelled to make fast to the kelp and load our boat nearly as deep as she could swim. When the other boat made her appearance with Mr. Patrick and his party, they having come down to Ship Bay before us, they took the balance of the blubber, and both boats soon reached the try-works. All hands then turned to and backed it up to the pit. Then we came on board, hoisted up our boat, had supper, and turned in as soon as possible to make up for lost time.

Wednesday, Jan. 17*th.* After breakfast manned the boat and went on shore, intending, if the weather would permit, to man both boats and pull around on the south side of the island. About 10 the boat came off, the wind blowing fresh from the northward, the weather clouding up and looking threatening. The boat's crew whilst on shore had headed up all the casks that wanted coopering, and, after they were finished, had rolled them down to the beach to a good place for rafting.

Thursday, Jan. 18*th.* Commences with a strong gale of wind from N.W. No communication whatever this day with the shore. . . .

Friday, Jan. 19*th.* At 7 started for the shore. Found the captain still unable to do anything. All his party except the cook had gone to the southward to kill some elephant. On our way back to the schooner we stopped on board the *White Oak* where we remained to dinner. Captain Nory informed us that he had

taken about 350 barrels oil since he had come in, and thought that he would put to sea in a few days after whale.

At 5 P. M. returned on board the schooner. Whilst at supper the mate of the *White Oak* came alongside for the doctor, meaning myself (as I had given some little prescriptions for some of their men). He stated that one of his men had been taken very suddenly and was almost dead. Sprang in the boat with him and went on board the *White Oak*. Found the man in great agony with a cramp in his stomach, occasioned by eating elephant's liver several days old before it was cooked. Soon relieved him. Also dressed a man's leg which had been severely bitten by an elephant. Remained on board during the night.

Saturday, Jan. 20th. At 5 A. M. a boat from the *White Oak* put me on board the schooner. The sick man much better. Our boat had started some time before to the northward. At 6, Mr. Patrick came off and I jumped in his boat to complete his crew, when we started to the southward to Dead Man's Cove. When we arrived, after a severe pull, we loaded our boat as deep as she could swim. As we rounded the point at Ship Bay, we found the other boat at the beach unloading. Unloaded our blubber and started the works.

At noon went on board after flour to make some doughnuts for all hands, the captain having promised a blow-out when we obtained 300 barrels of oil. . . . The captain gave orders to man the windlass early in the morning and heave in on the large chain; he would come off with his party and assist in mooring the vessel again. She had dragged the small anchors so that she lay directly over the large anchor.

Sunday, Jan. 21st. Began heaving in the large chain, having run out a line off shore with a boat's anchor. Obtained a kedge and hawser from the *White Oak* and run it out to the Northward. Then hove up the large anchor which came up clear, and hauled up the boat anchor and run a line to the *White Oak*. At 2 P. M., succeeded in mooring the schooner after eight hours' severe labour. . . . Saw a large right whale today in the harbour within a hundred yards of us, going leisurely along.

Monday, Jan. 22*nd.* Both boats took an early start and went to the Southward and returned with the remainder of the blubber from Dead Man's Cove. The boats then started to the Northward and returned with all our blubber in that direction, having two solid boat loads. At 2 P. M. they came alongside with five casks of oil. . . .

This afternoon the Captain transferred two men on board the *White Oak,* as it was their wish, and we were likely to be short of provisions. Their names were Robert Howard and John Flewdown. They went on board with their dunnage and the *White Oak* then proceeded to sea. . . .

Tuesday, Jan. 23*rd.* Too much sea to raft oil. The shore party was employed in breaking up the remains of the *Atlas* for fire wood. Mr. Patrick had gone on a tramp after elephant. . . .

Wednesday, Jan. 24*th.* Took breakfast at ½ past 3 and started for the shore. . . . Put slings on a raft of casks to have them in readiness when the weather should moderate. Also assisted the cooper in heading up the casks to fleet the hoops.

About 9 A. M. saw a ship coming down before the wind under double-reefed fore and main topsails and jib. She had a green boot-top with painted ports. When abreast of the schooner she hoisted her signal at the mizzen peak. Her signal was a red ball or star in a white ground with blue border; at the end of the fly, one blue stripe and another of red. Supposed it to be Mr. Mallory's private signal and that the ship was the *Aeronaut* of Mystic[12]. The schooner answered her by setting her ensign. The ship then passed on and afterwards braced up on the wind.

[12]The ship *Aeronaut* of Mystic, 265 tons, Capt. West, sailed Sept. 6, 1843, and returned June 23, 1845. She was owned by Charles Mallory. The *Aeronaut* was on a strictly whaling voyage.

The waters around the Crozettes were frequently visited by whalers on their passage to the Indian Ocean. The ship *Arab* of Fairhaven on her way to the Indian Ocean in the early part of 1843 cruised about the Crozettes from the middle of January to the middle of April. Her log-book mentions speaking the following vessels during that time: the *Popmunnett* of Sippican, the *Herald* of Fairhaven, the *Romulus,* the *Superior* and the *France* of Sag Harbor, the *Tenedos,* the *John and Elizabeth,* the *Stonington, Halcyon* and the *Neptune* of New London, the *Fenelon,* the *Milwood,* the *Roscoe,* the *Majestic,* the *Dragon* and the *Cicero* of New Bedford, and the *Aeronaut* of Mystic.

Fig. 381. A New Bedford sealer, from the brig *Daisy* preparing to lance a bull sea elephant lying in the tussock grass. Bay of Isles, South Georgia, February 1913. Photograph by Robert Cushman Murphy.

At 10 came on board from shore. Blowing very fresh from the northward and raining hard. Had dinner; then turned in like good Christians, each man severely engaged in bunk duty. Mr. Patrick informed us that he had found about 300 elephant about a mile above Dead Man's Cove.

Thursday, Jan. 25th. Went on shore and brought off a raft of five casks of oil. Having stowed down the oil, took dinner and went on shore after another raft of five casks, which we brought off and stowed down. . . .

Friday, Jan. 26th. Rafted off eleven casks from shore and stowed them down. The shore party tried out five casks.

Saturday, Jan. 27th. Begins with calm weather. Took an early start for Mr. Patrick's elephant with both boats. Had a severe pull of it, the sea running half-mast high. We found the bay, if so it may be called, a slight indentation on the high rocky shore, an infernal hole, the sea breaking all over it, with rocks half a mile from shore. Found it would be worse than madness to think of landing. Took a good look at it; then, with a willing mind, bid it a farewell, and, we trust and hope, an eternal one. The wind now came out directly in our teeth and continued so until we returned to the vessel, giving us the most severe pull we have experienced this voyage.

After dinner went on shore, when Mr. Patrick and three more started for American Bay by land to ascertain if any elephant had hauled in the bays, as we wanted about two or three loads to fill us completely. At 5 P. M. returned on board. . . .
Sunday, Jan. 28th. Started to the beach and took off a raft of five casks of oil. At 3 P. M., went on shore again and found Mr. Patrick and his party had returned. They stated that they had been up as far as Windy Bay and had looked in all the intermediate bays without seeing any elephant. Concluded to send two boats early in the morning to Northwest Bay, a place we had never yet been to. . . .

Monday, Jan. 29th. Had breakfast at ½ past 3 A. M. Took some provisions, and both boats started to the northward, the

mate in our boat, and Mr. Patrick in the shore boat. About 9 o'clock came in Northwest Bay, a most dismal-looking hole on the weather side of the island. The sea running very high, combing and breaking most fearfully. We saw plenty of elephant. We laid upon our oars, waiting for the other boat to come up, and reconnoitred the bay, and the more we saw of it the worse we liked it.

The other boat soon came up, when the mate asked Mr. Patrick if he wanted elephant bad enough to land there for them, not dreaming that he would answer in the affirmative. Mr. Patrick, however, replied that a boat could land easy enough by waiting for a smoothing. The mate then said: "If you think so, go ahead then. I will remain here and you can take my raft-line and bend it on to yours. If you succeed in landing, I can haul your boat off by the line and my men will get in her and try to land, leaving our boat anchored."

He took the line and started. Smoothing or no smoothing, a dollar was at stake, and to obtain it Mr. Patrick would peril life, limb and property. He had not advanced fifty yards before a huge roller came tumbling in behind him; it would certainly have engulfed him and proved a watery grave for a part if not the whole of his crew, had not the mate snubbed the line and prevented the advance of the boat. Having changed the position of the boats to a more favourable place, Mr. Patrick started again. This time he succeeded in coming very near the beach, when over went boat, men and gear—some out of the boat and some under it, one man apparently somewhat hurt, and all of them drenched to the skin. The boat was stoven to pieces and left there with all her gear, a total loss.

Our situation was such that we could render them no assistance, and, having satisfied ourselves that they could climb up the mountain, we made signals for them to go up and come down to the next bay, for which we started. The wind was very fresh directly ahead with a heavy sea, and it was very doubtful for a long time whether we could get out of it, but by dint of perseverance and excessive labour we reached Hebe Bay, where we landed and beached our boat.

Here we found three large bulls, a couple of cows, and three small pups, which we killed. One of the bulls, rolling in the water, floated off and we lost him. We dispatched one man back to Northwest Bay to see if Mr. Patrick and his party had come up the mountain, the remainder of us bunching up our blubber, kindling a fire, and putting a cave in order in case we had to encamp there for the night.

In about two or three hours the man returned and said the others were not there. We then rafted our blubber, launched our boat, and, pulling through a heavy sea (the wind having been N.E. all day), we reached Ship Bay about dusk where we saw the other boat's crew. . . . We had a pull this day which beggars description. . . .

Tuesday, Jan. 30th. Went on shore and returned with a cask of water. After dinner went on shore again and brought off a raft of spars. The captain intends, if the weather will permit, to get everything off the beach tomorrow, on the morning following to start for East Island and obtain a couple of loads of blubber, which is all we want, and then to start for home.

Wednesday, Jan. 31st. Went on shore and brought off a raft of five casks, which we stowed down. Also brought off two loads of wood. Went on shore and brought off the remainder of the oil, three casks and a sixty. After all our oil is stowed down we shall still want fifty barrels more of oil to fill us. This is hard, considering the opportunity we have had of filling up.

Thursday, Feb. 1st. Begins with strong breezes from N.E. and rain. Stowed down the balance of oil left on deck last night, about twelve barrels, and arranged the empty casks in readiness for more oil in case we should be fortunate enough to obtain any at East Island. . . . No chance of communicating with the shore this day. Nothing to do this afternoon but bottle up sleep to draw upon when occasion may require.

Friday, Feb. 2nd. A heavy sea tumbling in around the south point. It is entirely too rugged to boat any articles from the

beach. Took the blubber boat in on deck and secured everything for another wallowing match. . . .

Saturday, Feb. 3rd. A heavy sea, rolling the vessel bulwarks-to. This is the third day since we have had any communication with the shore. About ½ past 8 A. M. the captain came off and paid us a short visit. He said that it looked mighty pokerish off here yesterday and when he saw the schooner tailing-in toward shore, a heavy sea rolling and tumbling in, and she was as much as she could wallow to, he would have given fifty dollars to have had her out of it. After remaining about an hour, he returned on shore with some provisions, having firmly resolved to up mud-hook the first opportunity and be out of this, being perfectly satisfied with the scenery exhibited in this bay yesterday.

At 6 P. M. the wind hauls to N. W. and blows with great fury, the sea coming in from N.E. If the old man considered it mighty pokerish yesterday, wonder what he considers it now. As his eye scans the troubled state of the waters in the bay, as he sees the short wall-sided seas combing and breaking in every direction, and as he beholds the little schooner going it in full bloom, four rolls to a minute, and each time bulwarks-under, with the sea making a breach directly over her—methinks as he thus views her from shore he is considering her situation rather more than pokerish.

This state of things could not last long, however, owing to the direction of the wind, and in about an hour the sea began to subside and continued so the remainder of the day.

Sunday, Feb. 4th. Begins with severe woolies from N.W. and occasional rain squalls. It is duff day, which is about the only run of the day of the week kept forward. Last duff day is fresh in the recollections of every one, as by some unaccountable process the duff was converted into the consistency of a cobbler's lap-stone. The boat remains, as the lawyers say, in "status quo"; in our vocabulary, keel-up on deck, which signifies bad weather. No chance of going on shore today, to all appearances, the wind roaring most dismally directly off shore.

Monday, Feb. 5th. At 5 A. M. almost calm. All hands busily engaged in boating off water, the remnant of our oil, provisions, wood, sails, and all our old dunnage, which was completed by ½ past 11 A. M., when the captain came on board in the last boat and immediately ordered the windlass manned.

Part III. At Cape Town

[*Abstract*]

No sooner had the *Emeline* left Ship Bay than a bad leak was discovered. The captain decided to abandon his intended visit to East Island and to sail directly to Cape Town. The leak grew steadily worse; the ship's carpenter labored two or three days trying to make repairs, but finally gave up the job in despair. Both pumps were kept in operation almost constantly, and the men on the *Emeline* had grave fears of the schooner's foundering. But on the seventh of March the vessel arrived safely at Cape Town.

At this time Cape Town was buzzing with excitement over the discovery of guano on the African coast. Isaac Chase, the American consul, strongly urged Captain Eldridge to secure a cargo of the new fertilizer before sailing homeward. The elephant oil could be disposed of favorably at Cape Town, and thus the *Emeline* would be enabled to make a double voyage. Incidentally, the schooner could carry to the guano islands a ballast of water, which could readily be sold to the shipping there at five pounds a ton. The consul further recommended that the *Emeline* dispose of her guano at the West Indies, a logical market for the commodity. His scheme in its entirety appealed strongly to Captain Eldridge, and on the twenty-fourth of March the *Emeline*, with her leak repaired and her oil disposed of, set sail for Angra Pequena.

On board the *Emeline* during this second part of her voyage was Captain John L. Harris, bound home as a passenger. He was the late commander of the schooner *Pacific* of New London which had just been condemned at Cape Town. Captain Harris had arrived in Cape Town from an Indian Ocean whaling cruise on